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A HOME WEEKLY

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No. 440

AN IDYL OF THE KING.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

"There goes the king, so young and fair,
His smile and laugh so debonaire!
He smiled on me, the rustic maid,
And I shrunk from him, half-afraid.
For he is royal, and wears a crown;
His robes are trimmed with snowy down;
The ring that glitters on his hand
Would purchase all my father's land!"
The maiden looked from eyes of blue,
And saw the courtly retinue;
But more she saw: upon the grass,
Glittering like a bead of glass,
A wondrous ring! It made her start;
She felt the beating of her heart!
He lost the ring—this king of ours,
He dropped it here among the flowers.
"I'll send it to the palace: no!
I'll take it there myself, when low
The sun has sunk behind the west,
And twilight dons her starry crest!"
So to the palace went the maid,
Trembling, blushing, still afraid.
She found the king in robes of state
Beyond the lofty, guarded gate.
"My ring! hal' ha!" the monarch said.
The gentle maiden hung her head.
"I found it on the ground, beset
By many a blushing violet!"
"Nay, maid: I left it there for thee!
It fits thy pretty finger—see!"
"Here in the palace thou shalt dwell,
A rose transplanted from the dell;
No maid of honor! far above
That station in this court of love!"
The maiden quickly raised her head—
"No palace home for me!" she said.
"I have a home, sire. Let me go
Back to the summer winds that blow
From morn till night across the heath,
And make it fragrant with their breath."
"Tis true our cottage home is small,
And bare, perhaps, the darkened wall;
But peace is there! My heart is free!
Here in the palace would it be?"
"Nay, let me go!" she pleading said;
And blessings on thy kindly head!
The monarch smiled and whispered low:
"As thou hast chosen, maiden, go!"
He blushed for shame, then lost his voice
Before the artless maiden's choice!

Whom Will She Marry?

OR,

BETH FOSS,

The Parson's Daughter.

BY A PARSON'S DAUGHTER,
AUTHOR OF "PRETTY PURITAN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A RASH STEP.

"Rashness and haste make all things insecure."
In a long linen cloak and brown straw English walking-hat, with its silk trimmings and mottled wing upon the side, Bethel Foss, when she started upon her lonely night journey, looked very plain and ladylike, and not at all likely to attract to herself any unpleasant notice.

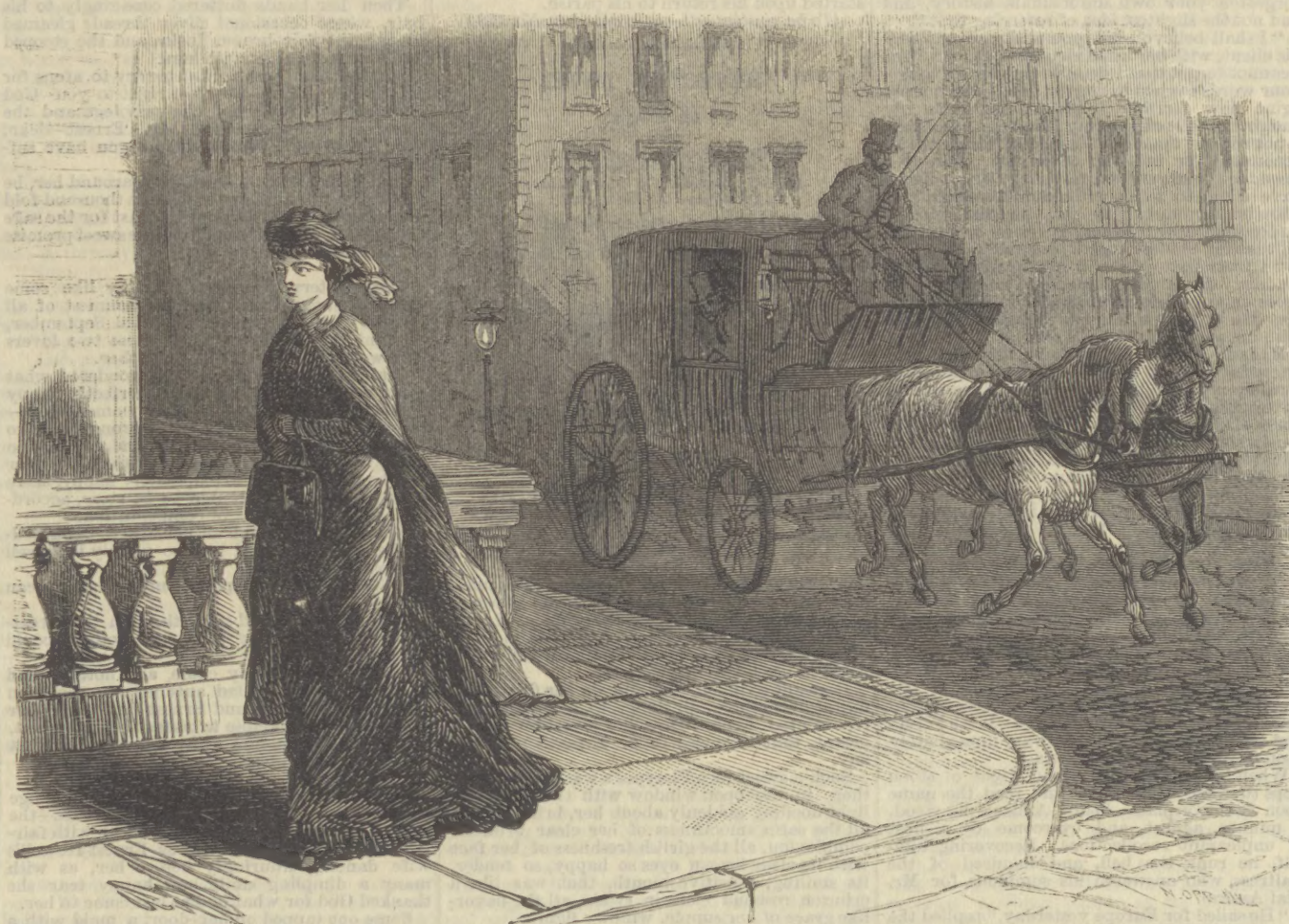
Over her hat she had tied a thick dark veil, anxious that the moonlight should tell no tales concerning her identity; and as she hurried along the damp, fragrant country road—a little-used thoroughfare, but the nearest way from the depot to the parsonage—clinging tightly in her small gloved hand her portmanteau, she resolved not even to buy her ticket at the Greenwilde depot, in order to avoid observation, and any outgrowing village scandal. But this course was indeed thrust upon her; for though she was already hurrying, she heard the whistle of the approaching train while still quite a space intervened between herself and the depot.

It never occurred to Beth that in this little incident might lay a Providential interdict upon the fulfillment of her plan. She thought, rather, that nothing now should interfere with her purpose; and gathering up her skirts, she ran with all the graceful speed and motion her country life had made natural to her; arriving upon the platform just as the glimmering row of cars came puffing and panting to a momentary standstill, and breathlessly rushed across the up-track toward the nearest carriage.

"That's a drawing-room car, miss," called a voice from behind her, and a man sprang down upon the rails and hurried her along the track to the nearest passenger-coach, swinging her light form upon the steps, just as the train resumed its motion.

"Oh! my pocket-book!" exclaimed Miss Foss, in distress.
If Miles Haines, the station-agent, had not been sure before of the identity of the veiled lady, he had helped upon the train, he was positive, as he picked up the missing valuable and ran beside the now rapidly-moving cars, to hand it to its fair owner, that she was none other than Bethel Foss, the parson's daughter.

The feeling of strangeness and loneliness which Miss Foss experienced as she walked into the dimly-lighted car, where there were but few ladies, and all with escorts, and many gentlemen who turned a cursory glance upon the tall, slender figure, with its neat traveling-dress and closely-veiled face, was something quite new to her. She nestled into the furthest corner of the first unoccupied seat, and presently the attention of the passengers reverted to their books and papers, or the dreams from which they had been momentarily aroused by the stopping of the train. Then, thinking it no longer neces-



"And good-by, pretty one," he added, laughingly apostrophizing Bethel from the carriage window.

sary to keep herself closely veiled, Bethel threw aside her light disguise, and sat staring out at the moonlighted landscape, and thinking of Harry Sewall, of her living and her dead parent, of her home, and of Rial.

She wondered where it was that Harry had gone on business, and if he had carried away with him any sadder heart than now lay within her own bosom, though she was going to meet her lover. Try as she might to put away from her recollections of his handsome, honest face, and his sincere blue eyes, they would not be banished; and she seemed to feel and share, in her own soul, the pain she had given the friend of her childhood and youth.

"But I could not marry him," she moaned. "I could only do as I have done. And, perhaps, very soon, Harry will forget his love for me, and looking back upon to-day, say, 'I am glad Bethel Foss refused to marry me now, and yet I do not like to think that he may feel and say those very words,' she added, still studying the fleeting scenery. "I wonder why it is that I am so selfish, that I must needs wish to retain all the love that ever has been mine! Shall I never had any so satisfying that I can willingly, gladly, fling all other affections aside?"

Thus Bethel sought to read, and could not, the mystery of her nature, her slowly-developing woman-soul. She knew that love was dear to her, but her life revealed in its fervent glow as a flower revels in the hot kisses of the sun; but could she ever give such passion as it pleased her to receive? Sometimes she felt, vaguely, that as yet she had never sounded the capabilities of her own heart; and, again, she believed that her girlish fickleness would be tamed by her will to fix the all of its discovered affection upon one object.

But, presently, from trying to understand herself, her mind reverted to her father, as she had left him sitting in his study, overcome with weariness and grief. What will he now, she questioned, thinking of the bitter loss that had visited their home? And what would he think if he knew where was his daughter, and on what errand bound? And, lastly, Bethel's thoughts flew on to her meeting with her dark-eyed lover. How would Rial—

"Ticket, please!"
The quick, business-like tone of the conductor interrupted Bethel's meditations. She looked up, startled.

"I have no ticket," she responded, handing him a bill.

"From where?" he questioned, looking at her scrutinizingly.
"From Greenwilde to New York," with quiet dignity.

The conductor gave her change and passed on, while Beth, recalled from her dreamings, somewhat furtively took note of her surroundings; and it was this interested scrutiny that showed her that the seat just in front of her, which she had deemed vacant, had been occupied and probably would be soon again. A gentleman's high hat was in the rack above it, and papers, magazines, and a small satchel, with long strap attached—a handsome bag, with a name engraved upon its plate which she could have sworn by to be a trifle—lay upon the cushion. Having finished her survey of her fellow-passengers, Bethel turned wearily to the window again. The train made an occasional stoppage, flying along madly between-times, and yet it seemed to her that time lagged terribly and the great city she was so anxious to reach was as far as ever in the distance. In truth, her physical weariness and the monotonous painfulness of her thoughts were rapidly exhausting Bethel's energy, and telling upon her nervous force, despite her strong, youthful constitution; and, at last, after heroic efforts to conquer the lethargy that threatened to overcome her, she fell soundly asleep, with her hat crushed up against the window, and her hands, under her cloak, grasping tightly her portmanteau.

When Bethel awoke she was dazzled, first by long rows of gas-lamps, where before had been only leafy woodlands and farms, and then by a pair of handsome brown eyes looking straight into her sleepily-opening ones. She quickly dropped her lids again, trying confusedly to recall her surroundings; and presently remembered that she, lonely and unprotected, was journeying toward New York, to meet her affianced husband, Rial Andral; and that those splendid brown eyes she had discovered gazing so intently into her own must belong to the owner of the articles she had described in the seat in front of her; and now, feeling very cold, and uncomfortable, and almost unreal to herself, she sat up straight, and pulled her cloak into prim preciseness, and rearranged her hat, and—all ready to alight—sat regarding the gentlemen in the seat in front of her—for she had discovered that there were two.

It was very rude, she said to herself, indignantly, that they should have been staring at her while she slept. But then Bethel was unconscious of what a strange sight it was to these gentlemen to see a young lady, and she had impressed them with the surety of her claim to that title, traveling alone at midnight; and was equally unconscious of what a very charming face hers was, when studied; and how especially charming, when its oval, snowy fairness was flushed at the rounded cheeks with the soft, peachy bloom of sleep, and her brown hair was clustered, with warm moisture, into a circle of bewitching little rings about her temples.

But, despite the one fault in which he had been detected, Miss Foss decided that the oft-forgotten and his companion were gentlemen. Their traveling-dress was unexceptionally plain but stylish; and the owner of the guilty, deep, liquid eyes, was a man of exceeding beauty; something above the medium height, with complexion, golden hair, and long, fair drooping mustaches, so in contrast to his brown eyes, and darkly-defined brows, and fringe-like lashes, that one easily guessed him to inherit the characteristics and nature of two nationalities. From the moment Bethel's eyes ran over his handsome form, the white, aristocratic hand with which he stroked his yellow mustaches, and the perfectly chiseled beauty of his blonde face, she unreservedly admitted him to be the handsomest man she had ever seen. His age she could not attempt to decide; and she turned to scrutinize his companion—a younger, shorter, darker man, with a pleasant but rather massive face, and a mouth in whose expression sweetness and shyness were as clearly defined as a woman's.

"Max," said the younger man, "is it not time you were gathering up these traps? We shall be in the depot in five minutes, now."

"I suppose so," answered the gentleman addressed as Max, indolently bestirring himself to gather up the books and papers and crowd them into his coat pocket and satchel. "I'll put yours in with mine. You must come with me to-night, my boy."

"Oh, it is not worth while," dissented his companion.
"Yes it is. We will drive to the Brunswick and get a good supper, which will be a jolly treat after knocking about in a half-civilized country so long; and there will be no sense in your going further than my rooms, after." And as the train slackened speed, and swept under the arches of the great depot, the gentleman resumed his high hat, flung his satchel carelessly over his shoulder, and, with a quick, half-curious glance at Bethel, followed his friend toward the forward door.

"Jack," he exclaimed, as they swung themselves down from the still moving train, "I'd like to know why that very pretty girl is traveling alone. By the way," he added, suddenly, "I am half inclined to keep my eye upon her, until I see her safe under some one's care. Walk a little slower."

So the gentlemen nearly halted, and kept watch of the stream of passengers, until Bethel passed them, looking very tired, and troubled, and something nervous. She was still without an escort, but there was such a quiet dignity about her that the gentlemen who were watching her never thought of addressing her, as she made her way to the street where she looked about in evident perplexity.

"Carriage, miss! Carriage!" clamored a dozen persistent cabmen; but the young lady shrunk from them, and espying a policeman walked swiftly toward him. The two gentlemen who were following her were near enough to catch her low inquiry:

"Which way is Fifth avenue? I am a little bewildered."
"That," said the policeman, tersely, with a slight wave of his hand. He did not give much heed to the young lady. His attention was engrossed by a foppishly-dressed man who had emerged from the depot and stood upon the walk swinging a cane and watching the various passengers.

"That chap belongs to the light-fingered gentry," remarked the policeman, to himself. "I wonder what job he is looking for?" But when the "chap" in question crossed Forty-second street and took his way to the westward, the policeman allowed his further interest in him to become passive.

"The lady cannot be going far," said the gentleman who had been called Jack, when he heard Bethel's question regarding Fifth avenue. "Suppose we take a carriage to the café, and tell caddy to drive slowly? We can watch her just as well."

"All right," assented his friend; and presently, from the open carriage window, they were watching the lonely young lady, who, having reached the broad thoroughfare, seemed sure of her way and walked swiftly and confidently. The street was well lighted, and the moon, too, shone brightly; so that when the graceful figure turned into Forty-first street, glancing up at the numbers of the houses, Max replied to the driver's inquiry as to whether he should turn aside from the avenue.

"Oh, no; it is not worth while; drive on! And good-by, pretty one," he added, laughingly apostrophizing Bethel from the carriage window, as the driver gave the whip to the horses. "I must confess I should not like a sister of mine to be wandering around this way."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LOST LAMB.

"Fall well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings."

WITHIN the memory of the inhabitants of Greenwilde, there had never been a funeral so largely attended, as regarded congregation, nor so slightly, as regarded mourners, as was the funeral of Mrs. Foss.

In all country villages, but, perhaps, most of all in a New England village, ill-news and scandal travel with almost telegraphic swiftness. While one vainly speculates as to how tidings can so soon be disseminated among a population necessarily spending the greater part of its time upon household and business occupations, and where there is no town-crier, nor even a morning nor evening paper, the fact still remains that in some wonderfully rapid manner the intelligence has traveled the length and breadth of the township.

So it was upon the day the parson's wife was to be buried. Every one in Greenwilde had heard of Bethel Foss's strange disappearance—her rumored elopement upon the night preceding her mother's funeral. In fact, every one knew, and according to their own assertions, had known all along, of her infatuation for the dark, wealthy stranger, who had been staying at the Mansion House. Wise Greenwilde shook its head, and remarked, sagely, that it had always thought

that the affair would end in this way; Bethel Foss had been spoiled by indulgence; it hoped the parson could realize that fact now; what a good thing it was that his wife had died before this disgraceful occurrence. Greenwilde knew, too, though the knowledge must have come to it with surprising suddenness, that Bethel's conduct had helped to kill her mother; Mrs. Foss had grieved herself to death over her daughter's self-willed preference for Andral, and the shameful way in which she had treated Harry Sewall; for, somehow, it had been an accepted fact, since Bethel had worn the shortest dresses and Harry had first donned long trousers, that these two were to "make a match." And after all this iniquity on Bethel's part, to think of her deserting her poor father and going to the city, alone, at night, to meet her lover, by appointment, and sail with him for Europe in the morning! There was nothing concerning the movements of the parson's daughter which Greenwilde did not assume to know, and did not consider itself bound to criticize!

The preparations for the burial of Mrs. Foss had gone too far to be delayed even in the face of Bethel's dreadful absence; and every one was curious to attend this funeral, where there would be but one mourner, and to see how the good parson would look and act under the double calamity that had befallen him. As the hour of service approached the church was thronged—not only with a sad and sympathizing audience, sincerely mourning the death of a gentle, benevolent lady, but with a curious, eager gossipping crowd, as well; and when the awesome tolling of the bell announced that the funeral cortege had left the parsonage, and was wending its way toward the church, an air of expectancy was evinced, equal to that with which the audience at a fashionable wedding awaits the coming of the full-dressed bride. Presently the clergyman, who had been summoned from a neighboring village to officiate, appeared at the church door, open book in hand, and advanced up the aisle reading aloud a portion of the solemn burial service. Following him came the funeral train; and a hardly suppressed bustle passed over the congregation, and necks were eagerly craned to see who followed the coffin to the seat reserved for the mourners.

Perhaps, after all, Miss Foss had returned to attend her mother's funeral. But—no! Only the parson, and just behind him the faithful Jemima, walked slowly after the pall-bearers! Meaning glances were sent from eye to eye, and to the Greenwilde population the parson's daughter was Bethel Foss no longer, but Mrs. Rial Andral.

The funeral services were lengthy and impressive; and over Mrs. Foss's coffin, down upon the fragile hands, clasped tranquilly above the peaceful breast, many sorrowing tears were dropped, beside those shed by her husband and Miss Pierce. But, despite much sincere mourning, there were strange whisperings during that period of confusion that generally occurs, at a village funeral, while the audience is looking its last on the face of the dead, and repairing to the carriages; and this time, not Bethel's name, alone, was the theme of conversation. Rumors were repeated in which the parson himself was strangely mentioned; and had he not been so wrapped in grief, he might have detected some oddly-critical, and even contemptuous glances cast upon him as he passed. But if Mr. Foss failed to see the curious regard of which he was the object, Jemima's eyes were more keen.

Under her breath, she whispered:
"The gamin' idiots! It's a pity these ain't Bible days and the good Lord warn't here with his whip, to drive them all about their business! I wonder they hain't got the common sense to know the poor man has enough to bear, without their a-garin' at him just to see how bad he feels consarnin' Mis Foss's death, and whether he believes them trumpley lies they're tellin' 'bout Beth! Of course he don't! No more do I, and I'll tell 'em so, mighty quick, if they say anything to me about it!" Bethel run off to get married the night after her mother's death, indeed! She's never done it in the world, as I told that sneakin' Mis Jarvis. There's the varmint, now, a-puttin' on such a sorrowful face, when no doubt she's tellin' every one all she knows, and a little more, too, about our house!"

And Jemima was not so far wrong. No person could ever repeat precisely what Mrs. Jarvis had told, nor, indeed, could the report be traced back entirely to her as its originator; but, certainly, by the time the bereaved husband and his faithful housekeeper were once more at home, and Mr. Foss was anxiously conversing with a couple of his deacons, who had been acting in his behalf in tracing Beth, there was afloat in Greenwilde still more exciting gossip, than that of the morning, concerning the family at the parsonage.

"Then you have really no news for me?" asked the desolate clergyman of the deacons.

"Very little, brother Foss," answered Deacon Strick. "Without doubt Miss Foss took the express, last night, to New York. Miles Haines is sure of it. She came running up the hill, from this way, just in time to get the train, and she had on such clothes as your Jemima said she wore, with a thick veil tied over her face. Haines helped her on the cars and he thought then 'twas her; and when she dropped her pocketbook, and called out, and he picked it up for her, he knew her voice."

The parson leaned his face wearily upon his hand.

"Is that all? Surely you have telegraphed?"

"Oh, yes," said Deacon Peck, "we have telegraphed to the Police Department and to the Andral chap."

"Oh, she has never gone to meet him!" asserted the father, momentarily raising his head with energy.

"Well, brother Foss, that's the light in which you look at it," commenced Deacon Strick, dictatorially; "but other folks must be allowed their views on such a subject, and it's pretty generally known that Miss Foss and that Andral chap were considerably sweet on each other. He paid her more attention than any other young woman, at all the picnics and goings on, and made all the opportunities he could for walking with her; and Sam Travers, the postmaster's clerk, saw them out riding together, the very night that Mrs. Foss died; and

then it looks rather suspicious, you see, that the next morning she went to the hotel to see him, and when he wasn't there got his address; and Thorne's folks know all about that."

"I can't believe it—I can't believe it!" murmured the father, though he saw how dreadfully facts told against Beth. But Deacon Strick proceeded, indifferently.

"The fellow had gone away that morning, and on his way to the cars posted a letter to Miss Foss. Sam Travers stamped it. Presently in comes Harry Sewall, and says he'll bring up your mail, and so fetches her that very letter."

The parson groaned. He was thinking, now, of that other fateful letter Harry had brought him, and scarcely needed Deacon Strick's closing words.

"So, you see, there ain't much doubt, in most folks' mind, as to where Miss Foss has gone."

"But we'll do all we can for you, brother Foss," remarked Deacon Peck, kindly; "we'll let you know the moment we get any further news—a messenger from the police or Andral."

"I wonder if I had better go to New York myself?" suggested Mr. Foss, irresolutely, at first.

"It won't do no good," announced brother Strick, decidedly.

But the clergyman made up his mind, quite regardless of the advice of this prominent member of his flock.

"Indeed, I must go! I must go!" he said, getting up and walking the floor, nervously.

"I can catch the express, and if any one can find Bethel I can! I will tell Jimmie to pack my satchel immediately."

Deacon Strick was severely silent; but Deacon Peck remarked, soothingly:

"I don't know, after all, but it's the best thing you can do, parson. It may take your mind off your other affliction; and who knows but what, after all, as you say, you're the best one to find your daughter. You'll get home in time for the official meeting, Saturday night?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Foss, excitedly, as the deacons rose to depart.

That night Jimmie was left to indulge his grief by himself, and to keep the parsonage free from intruders. While Mr. Foss, being whirled toward the great city, had ample opportunity, as Bethel had had under similar circumstances, to review the startling events that had followed each other so rapidly within the past forty-eight hours.

But, unlike his daughter, though suffering from severe mental and physical exhaustion, his less youthful and buoyant constitution found no relief in sleep. So, thinking busily, his mind dwelt upon the remarkable fate which had given back to Bethel a mother just at the time when she had lost one; and again he wondered, as he had in those first moments of wild apprehension at Bethel's flight, if it could be possible that his daughter had seen and been influenced by the letter from the lawyers, relating to Madame De Witt—as that lady still preferred to call herself, in consideration of her long abandonment of married life.

Though Mr. Foss would fain have dismissed this suggestion as indignantly as to his friends, he had dismissed the one relating to Beth's elopement, he felt that both theories must receive a practical examination at his hands; and he determined that his first act, upon arriving in the city, should be to answer the letter he had received from Tremaine and Merritt, and demand of them any knowledge they might have of Beth's whereabouts.

From the conductor he received an identification of Bethel and the assurance that she had journeyed to New York. Arriving at Grand Central Depot he hoped to obtain some clue to her movements; but, gaining none from the night officials, as he strode out upon the walk he bethought him of inquiring of the policeman.

That protector of the public peace, after evident earnest cogitations, failed to recollect having seen any such young woman upon the previous night as the gentleman described.

"But," remarked the M. P., "you might ask the cabbies. If some chap met her, they'd be most likely to take a conveyance."

Mr. Foss turned to prosecute some inquiries in that line, when the policeman's memory suddenly revived.

"See here, mister!" he said, arresting the person with a tap upon the shoulder. "I believe I've struck the very young woman, now. Tall, with a quiet sort of voice, and a traveling-cloak, but no baggage?"

Mr. Foss nodded.

"Then there ain't no use your asking the cabs. She came up to me, and asked the way to Fifth avenue, and walked off, right smart, alone. I had my eye upon a suspicious-looking chap, at the time, and that's what made me forge the young woman; but I remember, now, she went off alone."

And the policeman sauntered away, leaving Mr. Foss to cross over to the Grand Union Hotel, where, before throwing himself upon the bed in the room assigned him, the clergyman indited a letter to Messrs. Tremaine and Merritt.

CHAPTER IX.

A FATHER'S GRIEF.

"Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

"You have news for me?"

It was Cecile De Witt who asked the question, advancing to her visitor with extended, welcoming hand—graceful, elegant, as always, but eager, and with an odd little flame of color flickering, like the light of a gas lamp, against the creamy pallor of her perfect cheeks.

The gentleman whom she addressed was the head of the law firm who had undertaken the management of her affairs; and the unusually early hour at which he had presented himself, coupled with the very fact that he had come in person, instead of sending her a message, had excited Madame De Witt with the hope that he had some important communication for her.

Mr. Tremaine took the seat to which his client motioned him, while she sunk with languid bewitching motion into a great satin chair near.

"A little, madam," he replied, courteously, "but nothing as yet that you will care to hear."

"You do not mean?"—trifle anxiously—"that Mr. Foss has refused to allow any intercourse between myself and our daughter?"

He has, I suppose, that power until she is of age; but by the laws of this State a young woman attains her majority at eighteen, does she not? He cannot interfere with our meeting long."

"You are jumping altogether too rapidly at conclusions, madam," said the lawyer, with a smile which seemed to add—but that is a woman's way. "Mr. Foss is in town, and has written us; but not in regard to giving his daughter to your guardianship."

"He wishes an interview, then, with me," suggested madame, with a slight drooping of her tones, but no other perceptible change of manner, to indicate what might be her feelings at the prospect of meeting the husband from whom she had been absent so long.

"No, madam; if Mr. Foss desires an interview with you he certainly did not communicate any such wish to us. He announces that his daughter has suddenly, and mysteriously, left her home; and asks if we can give him any clue to her whereabouts. He is, I think, suspicious that the event may have occurred through our, or your, agency."

And the lawyer passed and glanced intently into Cecile's face.

A charmingly soft and appealing light came to the lady's eyes, and a pleasant little rippling laugh to her lips.

"I think you, Mr. Tremaine, will exonerate me from all blame in this matter. The idea of obtaining the society of my daughter, except with her own and her father's full consent, has never occurred to me. As my confidential friend and agent, you are fully acquainted with every step I have taken in this matter, since all have been directed through your suggestion and advice."

"Then, perhaps, it is as well for me to see Mr. Foss, and disabuse his mind of any idea that you are in the least cognizant of his daughter's movements. Do you care to see his note? I

brought it with me, thinking it might possibly be of interest to you."

"I would like to see it, yes; I do not quite understand about Bethel's disappearance."

"Nor will you gain much information through this," said Mr. Tremaine, as he handed his companion the note.

Madame De Witt withdrew the document from its wrapper, with just a trifling nervous tremor at holding in her hand a communication direct from the man who had once been her husband. And she was not conscious of the slight, most imperceptible, betrayal of her sensibility with a feeling something akin to admiration.

"How wonderfully that woman holds herself in hand, when she chooses," he said, mentally; "yet what a finely passionate nature she has. As an actress she ought to have been a great success!"

And Mr. Tremaine—who was partial to all real talent in the histrionic art—almost felt that Madame De Witt had done the world an injustice when she had deserted the stage to become a wife and mother.

But excellent lawyer and man as he was, he failed to take into consideration that oftentimes the greatest genius of the real actor is displayed upon the broad stage of life.

"My poor little Bethel! Of course you account for this strange disappearance, Mr. Tremaine?" Bethel's mother asked, toying with Mr. Foss's letter when she had finished the perusal of it, and betraying a great deal of tender solicitude.

"Only upon the slim grounds of the strange absences and flights of young ladies of that age may often be accounted for."

Madame De Witt darted the lawyer a swift glance.

"I hope," she remarked, quietly, "that my daughter is not accumulating mother's folly."

"I beg your pardon," cried Mr. Tremaine, with real warmth and earnestness. "I hope you will be so gracious as to believe that I had forgotten your own unfortunate history, and had not the slightest idea of your daughter's following in her footsteps."

"I shall believe what you wish me to," said his client, with her usual charming grace; "but I cannot forget that I deserve the reproach which your words seemed to convey; and you can imagine how terribly should depress my daughter's following in my footsteps."

"It is not so; but that this absence of hers may be accounted for in some other way. For, oh!" she added, with sudden fervency, "now that I have come to think with almost certainty of knowing her, and loving her, I desire to find her all that my fondest wishes picture."

"I trust that you will not be disappointed, madam," the lawyer responded, warmly, as he arose to go. Then he continued, in a more business-like way, "Is there any message that you wish me to convey to Mr. Foss?"

Madame hesitated. "Perhaps, if he desires an interview relating to the proposal I made concerning my daughter, you would arrange to have it take place at your office, or, at least, in your presence, since it must, of necessity, be somewhat trying to both of us; and say that we will do all in our power to learn something concerning Bethel's disappearance."

The lawyer promised in every way to consult Madame De Witt's interests, and the coming interview, and hastened to meet the former husband of his fair client. But he found less to accomplish at this visit than he had anticipated.

At as early an hour as he deemed it all practicable Mr. Foss had dispatched his hurriedly-written note to the office of Tremaine and Merritt, and then had started out to follow up that other clue to Bethel's disappearance, in favor of the probability of which the Greenwilde people had addressed some words to him.

He had taken care to obtain the address of Rial Andral; and it was to number—West Forty-first street, that he took his way, immediately upon finishing his light breakfast.

When he mounted the broad flight of stone steps that led to number—Andral read the name upon the door-plate—Pedro Andral—he stood, a minute, aghast, and overcame by a host of unpleasant recollections. Recovering himself, he rung the bell, and inquired of the swarthy West Indian, did Mr. Andral perhaps have some inmate perception, rather than by his merely physical senses, remember the man who rose to greet him; though grief and time had set wrinkles upon Daniel Foss's face and silver lines in his hair and beard.

"He sailed for Europe yesterday," replied the servant, with a stare of surprise.

The stranger returned her glance, vacantly, for a moment, before he questioned with himself whether it could indeed be possible that Bethel, too, was now miles away upon the ocean.

"But the elder Mr. Andral, he is in?" Then, receiving an affirmative assurance—"Please tell him that a gentleman waits to speak to him upon important business."

"Your name, sir?"

"Never mind the name. I will detain him but a minute."

The visitor was shown into a reception-room, and presently along the softly-carpeted hall, and into the clergyman's presence, came the man he had met once before—the man who, years ago, had villainously deserted Cecile De Witt.

As quickly as the clergyman, who was, to a degree, prepared for the visit, recognized the swarthy West Indian, did Mr. Andral perhaps by some innate perception, rather than by his merely physical senses, remember the man who rose to greet him; though grief and time had set wrinkles upon Daniel Foss's face and silver lines in his hair and beard.

"You are surprised, Mr. Andral," said the clergyman, with quiet, sorrowful dignity, "that I should seek your presence. I have come, sir, in no connection with the past, but to ascertain something of the whereabouts of your daughter."

"It was a frowning face that looked into Mr. Foss's, and a hard, unconciliatory voice that answered:

"I cannot profess to be in ignorance of your movements, Mr. Foss; but I cannot as a telegram, addressed to my son, from the little village where he has been stopping, in which was mentioned the disappearance of a Bethel Foss, daughter of a clergyman of that place, who it was supposed had eloped with his wife."

"It was supposed?" cried Mr. Foss, eagerly.

"Then it is not so?"

A half-smiling smile broke over the West Indian's face, and a diabolical light shone, momentarily and furtively, in his dusky eyes.

"I cannot say," he replied, "but I have not taken place," returned the West Indian, grimly.

"Indeed it seems most probable; for when my son returned from Greenwilde, he informed me that he was betrothed to your daughter. Finding that I had some business to transact in this city, I immediately for Europe, on a business tour that might detain him several months from his fair affianced, it was most natural that he should suggest to her that she accompany him. And, judging from what I know of my son's disposition, there is no doubt in my mind but that he has persuaded her to this step."

Mr. Foss's face grew ghastly white.

"You say you do not doubt but that my daughter has eloped with your son; is this surely founded upon a knowledge of his movements?"

"I know that he went to the steamship company's office immediately upon reaching town, though I had engaged his passage, saying that he should not sail until Saturday, unless he found that he could have the entire steamer-room; this was fixed to his satisfaction, I concluded, when he bade the family good-by upon Wednesday evening. The steamer was to sail quite early in the morning; and he remarked that no one need rise on his account, as he should not breakfast at home. Remembering these facts, when I received the telegram from Greenwilde, I felt, as I have said, no doubt but that he had made arrangements to take his betrothed with him. Rial was not the person to consult any one regarding such a whim, and he was certainly eminently capable of accomplishing it, if he had determined upon it."

"Bethel! Bethel!" exclaimed Mr. Foss, piteously, as he found himself forced to accept Mr. Andral's statements and beliefs. "My poor girl, what have you done?"

"I cannot see," remarked Mr. Andral, coldly, "that Miss Foss has committed any very terrible crime; or even any great folly. My son is a gentleman, and was honorably in love with

your daughter; and I fail to understand why they should not marry when they chose, or why their marriage should be regarded in the light of an unhappy event."

"There are many reasons why our views may differ upon that subject," returned Mr. Foss, gravely; "and neither of us can care to discuss it;" and their interview having ended, the deserted and desolate father made his way slowly back to his hotel, thinking how much sorer had been the judgment of his parishioners than his own perceptions, blinded as they were by a great love.

And so, when Mr. Tremaine gained an interview with Mr. Foss, he found him nearly overcome by his accumulated griefs, and already preparing for a return to the quiet country parsonage, within whose walls he longed to hide himself and his sorrows.

To the lawyer's proposal that Mr. Foss should meet Madame De Witt, the clergyman shrunk in nervous alarm. He was not able, he said, to sustain the excitement of such an ordeal, nor did he consider it necessary, now that Bethel had taken her future into her own hands and none of those who cared for her could do aught toward changing it.

"But in case," persisted the lawyer, "your daughter returns to her home, or matters prove to be otherwise than they now appear, would you consent that she should make the acquaintance of her mother, and, as Madame De Witt's heiress, spend most, or at least a portion of her time, in the home madame is about to establish in this city?"

"Nothing can be different from what it is," returned the parson, drearily; "but if Bethel had stayed with me, I certainly should not have kept her from the right and the privilege and the happiness when He took her. Ernest—dear! Can I not help you forget all you have suffered?"

And with his arms once more around her, he felt that his reason was so perfectly happy and content beyond what other women were often told herself it was almost wrong to be so entirely satisfied with her lot, and more than once, would be overwhelmed with sharp fear lest, because she was so exquisitely happy, there would come some terrible trouble, he in store, according to the natural law of compensation.

Ernest used to laugh at her fears—delightfully, because it showed him so plainly how well she loved him.

"Nothing can happen, my darling, can there?"

Then Florrie would smile through the threatening tears, and say to herself nothing could happen.

So the wedding-day came, and nothing had happened, and the glad autumn sun shone on the bride's fair face, and Ernest had taken her in his strong arms close to his fast-beating heart, and she had heard him whisper in tones that set every pulse throbbing:

"My wife, my precious wife," and then—

Ernest had gone to her own room to change her wedding toilet for her traveling-dress—the happiest woman in all the wide world, with fairest visions of her future life as Ernest Howell's wife dancing allegorically before her, as with many a dimpling smile and happy tear she thanked God for what had at last come to her.

Some one tapped on her door, a maid with a message.

"Mr. Howell's compliments, and would she send him a moment—particularly, in the library?"

She wondered a little, then went quietly down the back stairs into the library, where Ernest stood in the middle of the room, so deathly white, his hands trembling, the marks of some terrible calamity that a gasp of fear was on her lips as she went up to him.

"Ernest! Oh, Ernest, what is it?"

He staggered toward her, as if the sweet, terrified tones of her voice made him realize the awful trouble that had met him on the threshold of his new beautiful life.

"Florrie, little Florrie—oh, my God, to think I have lost you! Oh, my love, my pure little love!"

She clung to him in vague sense of anguish, all her pulses beating in dim fear.

"Lost me, dear? I am not lost to you; I am here to comfort you in whatever has happened. Tell me, Ernest, my husband."

It was the first time she had spoken the sweet name, and her tone was rich with unspeakable tenderness of pride and love. He shrunk as if a heavy blow had been dealt him.

"My God, spare me! What awful sin have I ever done that I should suffer this, that she should be so far from me!"

She looked at him with whitening lips. What did he mean? Then almost roughly, in his awful grief, he thrust her woe in her face.

"Florrie—you are not my wife. God help me! She is not dead, as I thought; she has been here, she saw your father, she saw me, she laughed in my face, she declares her readiness, her intention to live with me again, she—"

There was no need to go on; that one first sentence had almost killed her, and she stood, shivering, shrinking in his arms, gray with anguish.

He snatched her tightly to him.

"But, as God lives she shall not come between us, my darling! Let her do her worst, Florrie; she shall not be the strong arm of the law between you and her Florrie, Florrie, you will never forsake me, never take your dear love from me, my faithful little friend!"

He had no answer save the mortal anguish in her white face, for she slipped away from his encircling arms, unconscious.

Such a terrible year followed after that wedding-day, that was no wedding-day, when Ernest Howell had kissed his sore-stricken love a good-by that would have been less hard to do had she been sleeping in her coffin, since he had gone away feeling that a curse worse than Cain's was set on him, since the day Florence had taken up the strangely-altered burden of her grievous young life into which no joy could ever come now that Ernest Howell had gone out of it.

Where he had gone, Florence had not heard, had never asked, never knew until, one day, a year after the day Jessie May Howell had come into the world, there came a penciled scrawl to Florence announcing the near demise of the woman who had once before been thought dead.

"Come and look at me," the note said. "Come and make sure I die this time. Once I have my revenge on Ernest Howell through innocent you, you now take your revenge by satisfying yourself that I am past all possibility of annoying you."

And Florence went, trying not to be thankful, so sore afraid of triumphing over this woman's extremity—went, and saw with her own eyes the passing to judgment of her who had wrecked Ernest Howell's life.

Then, a little later, she took especial means to learn where her lover had gone, and wrote to him, a long, explanatory letter, full of exquisite sweetness and yearning tenderness, bidding him come to her whenever he thought best.

Then, she waited, not for the answer to her letter, but for the personal reply—waited for

nothing, nothing which can make me—not love you," he answered her.

"My faithful little love! When I have told you the story of one year of my life, its folly, its result, God send you will repeat your sweet assurance. Kiss me, Florrie, once, just once, yourself, before I tell you."

An almost saintly look came into her face, and she said, "I left her and never in all the years after that I wore the fetters my folly had forged on me, did I hear of her until I learned, a year ago, of her death in a foreign country. What I have endured, and suffered, God only knows. It was like a load of iron upon my neck—but, thank Heaven, she died and left me a chance for hope and happiness, and—yes, my blessed, my precious, Florrie, Florrie, if you can help it, don't despise me, don't!"

He broke down—this strong, proud man, this grand, honorable man who preferred to endure the degradation of confession to this saintly-faced girl, to take his risk of her forgiveness, rather than deceive her.

Then her hands fluttered carelessly to his hair, where occasional silver threads gleamed among the fair brown locks, and she stooped and touched his lips with hers.

"Never mind, dear. Let me try to atone for all she did. I have a perfect right to you—God gave me the right and the privilege and the happiness when He took her. Ernest—dear! Can I not help you forget all you have suffered?"

And with his arms once more around her, he felt that his reason was so perfectly happy and content beyond what other women were often told herself it was almost wrong to be so entirely satisfied with her lot, and more than once, would be overwhelmed with sharp fear lest, because she was so exquisitely happy, there would come some terrible trouble, he in store, according to the natural law of compensation.

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Then, a little later, she took especial means to learn where her lover had gone, and wrote to him, a long, explanatory letter, full of exquisite sweetness and yearning tenderness, bidding him come to her whenever he thought best.

Then, she waited, not for the answer to her letter, but for the personal reply—waited for

his coming as one waits for reprieve from a death-sentence.

She was unusually lonely in those days of patient hope and proud expectation, when there came such dazzling joy to her luminous brown eyes, such heartsome smiles to her beautiful mouth.

And then—came her eagerly prayed for answer—her answer! Oh, dear Heaven! for the brief, cruel letter, written in a strange, indifferent hand, told her Ernest Howell had been dead a half-year!

LOVELY TRIO.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Lovely trio, sisters three,
In you three these three have met—
Faith and Hope and Charity—
Mittie, Sarah and Jeanette.

Faith, that, free from doubt and guile,
Oings and trusts where others fly,
Beams in gentle Mittie's smile,
Kindles in her soft bright eye.

Hope, that, ere the shades depart,
Love's bright morning-star can trace,
Gleams in noble Sarah's heart,
Lightens in her beautiful face.

Heavenly Charity, that yet
Lingers earthy life to bless,
Warmes the soul of pure Jeanette,
Speaks each word her lips express.

Lovely sisters, in you three
Have these heavenly graces met—
Faith and Hope and Charity—
Mittie, Sarah and Jeanette.

*The Mission Street, of Goldsborough, N. C.

The Pirate Prince;

OR,

Pretty Nelly, the Queen of the Isle.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN OF CAPTAINS," "THE RIVAL LIQUORISTS," "THE GIRL GUIDE," "THE BOY TERROR," "THE SKELETON CORSAIR," "THE BOY CHIEF," "DIAMOND DIKE," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "WITHOUT A HEART," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

"Not yet, sir; do you see those cliffs?" and the youth, pointing to the overhanging rocky walls of the channel.

"Yes; what of them?"

"Did you search them when you were here before?"

"No, there was no means of reaching them."

"You are mistaken, sir. Upon the right cliff the pilot beacon that guided you last night was lighted."

"You are right. Well, what of that?"

"Upon both of those cliffs are mounted heavy guns."

"Impossible! boy, you cannot frighten by threats."

"I tell you the truth, sir—there is a strong armament up there, and brave men to man the guns."

"Nonsense."

"Captain Markham, I will prove my words; lend me your trumpet."

The boy took the speaking-trumpet and hailed:

"Ho! the cliff!"

"Ay, ay—on board the Sea Hawk!" came back from the top of the cliff.

"Send a broadside against yonder wooded hill!" again shouted the boy.

Instantly there flashed forth from the summits of both of the cliffs a dozen bursts of red flame, and a dozen roars commingled, while as many iron messengers sped howling above the topmasts of the Sea Hawk, and went crashing into the timber upon the hill-side.

Every face on that deck then paled. No, there were not those flushed youth's with pride, at proving his power, Mabel's with hope that Rafael would yet go free.

"Boy, you have spoken the truth; but those guns are for vessels coming into the basin."

"You are mistaken, sir. They command the Sea Hawk, where she now is, and can send a plunging fire upon her as she runs out of the channel and keep her in range for half a league. Will you release Rafael and his men now?"

"I will not; I will run the gantlet going out, and string up to the yard-arm a dozen of your vile crew to prove I am in earnest."

But the youth was not daunted by the savage threat, for he quickly replied:

"Captain Markham, you lost a favorite lieutenant some time since?"

"Do you refer to Bancroft Edmunds?" asked the officer, eagerly.

"I do, sir."

"Know you aught of him?"

"Yes."

"Is he alive?"

"He is."

"Where?"

"On the island, and in the power of the buccaners."

"Good God! can this be true?"

"It is so true, sir, that if harm befalls Captain Markham, the life of Bancroft Edmunds shall at once be forfeit."

Captain Markham dropped his head. The youth again held the vantage.

"Would you do this crime?" he suddenly asked.

"Ay, would I! If Rafael the Rover dies, Lieutenant Edmunds's death shall follow in the same manner! I swear it, Captain Markham."

"The one is an outlaw—a cruel corsair—the other an honored officer of the navy of the United States."

"They both are men; life is as dear to one as to the other. Will you exchange prisoners, Captain Markham? for I now hold the winning hand!"

"No, sir; that is, I will take my men and rescue poor Edmunds."

"And I will give the signal to have the Sea Hawk sunk where she lies! Will you exchange prisoners, I again ask, sir?"

"I will not, sir."

"Then it shall be a life for a life."

Captain Markham was silent; he felt that he was in a trap, and he knew not what to say.

A seaman approached at this moment and said:

"The Rover asks to see you, sir."

"Bring him here," and then, turning to Lieutenant Redmond he said, in a low tone:

"We are in a scrape, Redmond."

"Yes, sir; but the buccaners should not escape."

"But poor Edmunds!"

"Even if he dies, sir, the Rover should not escape."

"Lieutenant Redmond is anxious for promotion at any cost; he would step into Lieutenant Edmunds's shoes."

It was Mabel who spoke, in cold, sneering tones, and her words cut deep, for Ross Redmond had made up his mind to try and win the maiden for himself.

The youth heard the remarks, and a smile on his lips proved that he appreciated the situation.

At this moment two marines approached, Rafael the Rover, heavily ironed, walking proudly between them.

"Captain Markham, through the open hatchway I heard all that has passed, and I came up to see if I could not arrange a compromise," and Rafael glanced fixedly at the youth, a strange light in his eyes.

The youth met the look, blushed like a young girl, and bent down his gaze.

"What terms would you wish to make as a compromise, Sir Buccaneer?" haughtily said Captain Markham.

"Your vessel is in danger, sir. My island guns, as this—this youth has said, command you, and there is force enough on shore, I feel you frankly, to attempt any landing you might attempt to make, while you could not run out of here without a most experienced pilot."

"I will offer his life and gold to any man who will be my pilot."

"No man will accept the terms, sir."

"What do you mean to say that your buccaners crew have such a high sense of honor, that they will not accept the terms I offer?"

"It is just what I said, sir. They are below: call them up and try them," indifferently said Rafael.

"By Heaven! I'll do it! Mr. Redmond, have those sea-cuthroats brought on deck," angrily ordered Captain Markham, while Rafael the Rover calmly glanced shoreward, an unfathomable look in his dark, and eyes.

CHAPTER XXXI. THE ENVOY.

WHEN Luis Ramirez sprang into the sea, he took the desperate chances between life and death—and he won life.

When the waves engulfed him, he felt himself drawn under by the hull of the Sea Hawk; but a strong swimmer, he managed to gain the surface and, boldly struck out for the shore, while he reached in safety, though greatly fatigued.

Yet, without rest, he hurried on to the hills, and by the same route taken by Rafael on his visit to the cavern, he reached the rocky chamber, glided through it morosely, cursing back those who crowded around him, and stood before the old chief.

"Well, Ramirez, from whence come you?" asked the chief, eagerly.

"From the sea."

"And the schooner?"

"Is at the bottom."

"Malediction! did they sink her?"

"No; the lightning struck her—set her on fire, and we took to our boats."

"And the men are with you?"

"No, I am alone. We went on board the Sea Hawk to keep from drowning."

"Curse and curses! and why is it you are here?"

"My story is soon told: the tornado swept over us—the Sea Hawk I mean; we were driving directly on the island, and we were released to save the vessel."

"Why, where was my son, man?"

"He was aboard, too; he directed of course; none other could have brought the vessel in in such a blow and wild sea."

"Released, you say; why, was he discovered?"

"Yes; some of the crew betrayed him as soon

as they came on board, and he was ironed with the rest of us."

"Oh, curses! curses! He will die."

"Yes, he will be taken to Havana," coolly said the Spaniard.

"And you—how did you escape, señor Spaniard?"

"I stood at the wheel with Captain Rafael and Woodbridge, and not wishing to take the chances of being pardoned for our services, I sprang overboard into the sea, as soon as we were in the basin, and swam ashore."

"You were right—why did not Rafael and the others follow your brave example?"

"Captain Rafael is too honorable to be a pirate. He preferred to wait and trust in being pardoned, I suppose," sneered Ramirez.

"That will never be; he will be hung—nay, he will be broken on the wheel, for I have been condemned to that fate—I and my officers, while the men will be *garoté*; but this must not be. You say the vessel is now in the basin?"

"And the old chief sprang to his feet with nervous energy."

"She is; and by this time Rafael and the crew are again in irons."

"He shall not die—never! Salvador, go to the further cliff, with a crew of a dozen men, to man the guns there. Ramirez, you take as many men with you to the nearer cliff, and see that the guns are ready for immediate action. I will retain the remainder of my band to attack landing-parties, and I'll yet bring Walter Markham to terms. My vessel may sail, but he must remain behind! Though hiding in holes, the Island Buccaneers are not dead yet," and the old chief spoke with a resolution that proved he intended carrying the war to the enemy's very deck.

"Senior chief, can I speak to you?"

"Well, Nellie, what have you to say? If not connected with our present trouble, put it off," said the old man, as the maiden stood before him.

"I would ask, senior chief, to be allowed to go on board the Sea Hawk."

"Give him another hold upon us? Oh, no, girl!"

"I mean to go under flag of truce, senior. I think I can make a proposal to him that will gain the release of Captain Rafael and his men."

"The girl is mad, like her mother," said the chief.

"No, senior; I am not mad, and I can prove it. I have a means of bringing Captain Markham to terms you cannot suspect."

"Name it!"

"I cannot, sir; but I ask you to trust me in this matter. To negotiate you will have to send some one on board, so let it be me."

"You are but a girl."

"And yet a girl has had great power, senior, in some cases; but I will not go as a woman; I will go in man's attire. Please let me be your envoy."

"Well, get yourself ready, and when the morning comes, I will talk more with you about it, for you seem strangely earnest in your request."

"I am, senior, and I do believe good will come of it; but I dare not tell you what power I hold to aid in the release of Captain Rafael and his men."

"Well, you shall go. Now I must arrange my plans. Salvador, have every able-bodied man assemble in the large cavern, and the chief backed on his belt of arms, and placed upon his head his boarding-cap, the same which he had worn in many a desperate struggle upon a blood-stained deck."

In half an hour the buccaners were all assembled, three score and ten in the large cavern, and in a few words the chief made known to them all that had happened, and the perilous position of Captain Rafael and his men, in irons on the Sea Hawk.

Then he continued:

"Men, that vessel must not sail with our comrades on board; we must bring them to terms, for our companions have saved the ship and her crew."

"Salvador, select your men and go to your post. Ramirez, you do likewise, and I will lead the remainder of my band—hold! we must first agree upon signals; but who have we here?"

All started as a stranger entered their presence, and every hand sought a weapon, for they believed that they had been betrayed—that their foes were upon them.

"Hold! it is I—Pretty Nellie," cried the stranger, and the old chief exclaimed:

"By Heaven! this girl is no changed your mad mother would not know you. Why, you are a perfect-looking boy, and will make a splendid envoy."

The maiden bowed. The signals for action were arranged, and the maiden, still refusing to tell the secret power she held over Captain Markham, set out for the shore, where she was to remain concealed from those on the Sea Hawk, until she beheld her comrades in position.

An hour thus passed; daylight came, and the sun arose; then the girl, who was so changed from her secret power she held over Captain Markham, set out for the shore, where she was to remain concealed from those on the Sea Hawk, until she beheld her comrades in position.

The reader will now see that the fearless young envoy, who confronted Captain Markham upon his own deck, was none other than the beautiful Nellie, Queen of the Isle, as she was called by the buccaners.

CHAPTER XXXII. THE COMPROMISE.

TEN minutes after the order of Captain Markham the buccaners were ranged on deck, Roy Woodbridge taking his place near Rafael.

In their faces shone a ray of hope, for they believed after all they had done for the sloop that they might be pardoned.

"Outlaws," began Captain Markham, "your chief has led me into a trap here; his guns command the sloop with plunging shots, and he has a force on shore, and one of my officers in the power of those on the island, so you see he holds a strong advantage, though himself a prisoner."

"Now his crimes, and yours, have made you outlaws on sea and land, and you should not expect mercy; but I am willing to give not only my liberty, but one thousand dollars in gold to the buccaners, if they will let me out of this boat, for I will put to sea, in spite of the guns on the cliff. Now who is the man that will accept his life on such terms?"

The men looked at each other, and none spoke for some minutes; then one asked:

"Do these terms include Captain Rafael and Lieutenant Woodbridge?"

"Your lieutenant can accept the terms, yes—but your chief, no."

Roy Woodbridge smiled a strange smile that those who did not know him could not understand.

"Well, speak out, my man—you who will take his life and the gold, for running us out to sea."

Yet no answer came, and Captain Markham, his brow darkening, continued:

"There were several of you last night, who told me that this was Rafael, when I believed him to be an American officer—let one of those men speak out."

Still no answer, and the enraged captain cried:

"Are you such fools that you throw away your lives? What man accepts my terms? You, sir, I make the offer to you," and he turned toward Roy Woodbridge, whose face was filled with hot blood as he quickly retorted:

"And if you were not a villain at heart, sir, you would not thus suspect that I could be so base."

"This to me, sir! You shall rue it!"

Roy Woodbridge again smiled, while Rafael spoke up at once:

"You may save yourself further entreaty, Captain Markham, for while I admit that those men who betrayed me—and I know them—might have accepted your liberal offer, I may as well tell you that they could not, if they would. Lieutenant Woodbridge, there, besides myself and Luis Ramirez, who is on the island, alone know this channel—if I except, perhaps, two others. A calm day, with your boats ahead, all these men could not pilot the Sea

Hawk to sea without knocking her bottom out of her."

"Then I shall take the chances and stand to sea with you and your crew on my deck, to prevent the fire from the cliffs."

"That will not prevent, sir, and both my men and myself are accustomed to iron storms," coolly returned Rafael.

"Sir chief, I will yet humble you; I will yet win," retorted Captain Markham, his face red with anger.

"Captain Markham, I will offer you a compromise, and the deep voice of the chief arrested the attention of the furious officer."

"I will not compromise, sir."

"Hear me, sir, for if I am in irons, and under the curse of death, you, your daughter and crew are in equal danger. I offer you a compromise."

"Name it, buccanier."

"It is that you release this officer and crew—"

"Never, sir, never!"

"Fear me, sir, and then do as you please."

"I am listening."

"Well, sir, I repeat, if you will release Lieutenant Woodbridge and my men, who have rendered you good service in the past night, I will pilot you to sea."

"Yes," exclaimed Captain Markham, in the very astonishment, while a murmur ran around the deck—a murmur of surprise and admiration.

"I repeat, sir, release those that I request, and I will pilot you safely to sea."

"You get your vile crew on shore and then have your guns turn upon me, in the hope that you will be killed instead of being broken upon the wheel to which you are condemned."

"You mistake, sir; the vessel shall not be fired at by me, sir, asked the chief."

"And then?"

"You can carry me to Havana to meet my doom."

Even Captain Markham was struck with admiration at this noble self-sacrifice; but, anxious to get all they be listened, he asked:

"And Lieutenant Edmunds—will be restored to the ship ere she sails?"

Rafael turned toward the supposed youth, who promptly replied:

"No."

"I will not give him up, then?"

"I will not, except for Captain Rafael. After the Sea Hawk is at sea, send Captain Rafael half way ashore in a boat. I will come out and meet you with Lieutenant Edmunds; the exchange can be made then, and you can go to Havana and be honored for having saved the famous Curse of the Sea—with the aid of the lightning."

"Do you insult me, boy?"

"Ah, no, sir. You are in a bad box, and I was just showing you the best way to extricate yourself. If you have captured Rafael the Rover and his men, things are about equal, for we hold your lieutenant and command your ship with our guns, while you cannot get to sea unless we let you go."

Captain Markham felt that the young envoy spoke the truth, and he said, turning to Rafael:

"Deliver up my lieutenant, now in your hands, and I will accede to your terms—that is, give up your officer and men, and carry you to Havana."

"So be it, sir; let the men go ashore."

"No!"

It was the disguised Nellie who spoke, and all turned upon her.

"Well, what have you to say?" asked Captain Markham.

"I have this to say, that I will not give up Lieutenant Edmunds, except in exchange for Captain Rafael."

"But your chief says he will deliver up my officer," said the youth.

"He may do as he pleases with himself and his men; but I hold Lieutenant Edmunds prisoner, and I refuse to give him up, except upon the terms stated. Nay, more; if harm befalls Captain Rafael be assured Edmunds shall die."

"There is that in the handsome face and manner of the speaker that told Captain Markham argument was useless; he must yield, and sail with Rafael, and feel satisfaction in the thought that he held the chief, and had himself seen a stranger escape the Curse of the Sea, blown into a thousand atoms; hence he said:

"Well, I accept the offer of your chief. Mr. Redmond, send this officer and his men on shore in the cutters; but first, Sir Buccaneer, you pledge me your word that I will not be fired upon."

"I do, sir—let me have a word with this youth."

"In my presence only, sir."

"Then I have nothing to say," firmly averred Rafael.

"Will you speak before me, Captain Rafael?"

It was Mabel Markham that spoke, and Rafael answered at once:

"Yes, lady, if your father consents."

"Papa, I will act in your place in this unpleasant business, unless you choose to leave it to me."

"Yes; certainly can trust you. You are at liberty to speak to the youth, buccanier."

Rafael bowed, and painfully made his way a few steps distant, the irons on his ankles and wrists clanking ominously, and the supposed youth, followed close behind, while Mabel Markham took her stand near.

"Nellie, I have penetrated your disguise, and from my heart I thank you for the fearless effort you have made to save me; but it is useless. I must persevere, unless you choose to leave it to me, and I have not given up hope, tell my father."

"And tell him, Nellie, that he must let the vessel go to sea without a single shot being fired at it—tell him I have pledged my word that it shall be so, and to leave all with me—do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"And, Nellie, I wish you to release Bancroft Edmunds. I ask it as a dying man would ask it—will you?"

"What do you mean for him to come on here now?"

"Yes, if you will."

"I will not."

"Then, at another time let him go free unharmed. He is a noble fellow, and was doing his duty. How he was taken I know not."

"I took him, and none but myself know where he is concealed; in fact, none know that he is on the island."

"Then let him go at some time; aid him to make his escape, for he has many to love him. Will you, Nellie?"

"He shall go free; but how will you be revenged, should you die?"

"Do not think of me. If I die, I need no one to avenge me. I am an outlaw, and I must not expect mercy."

"Rafael, you are a brave, noble man, and I would give my life to save you," broke from the maiden, while tears filled her eyes.

"Maiden—for such I now know you to be—Rafael the Rover is condemned, and a prisoner, but shall yet be dead; he has friends on this vessel, have hope."

Both turned quickly toward Mabel, for she it was that had spoken; but, with no trace upon her beautiful face of having given a word of hope, she stood, as though awaiting the conclusion of the conversation between the two.

"The Virgin bless you, lady! I now have hope. Captain Rafael, is there more that you would say?"

"Nothing; only don't forget poor Edmunds, and don't let the Sea Hawk be fired upon. My pledged word shall not be forfeited."

"It shall not be. Farewell, senior captain!"

Nellie grasped the manacled hands in both her own, and wheeled quickly away.

Captain Markham, if you will knock these irons from my wrists, sir, I will take the wheel, and Rafael turned calmly toward the commander, who stepped up to his daughter and asked:

"What said they, Mabel?"

"Nothing treasonable, sir. He urged that his orders, not to fire on the vessel, should be carried out, and begged the release of Bancroft Edmunds."

"The fellow has then really some good in him," and turning to his lieutenant, he said:

"Mr. Redmond, let these fellows go ashore. Another time, under better auspices, we will take them and string them up to the yard-arm."

The cutter was piped alongside, and the men ordered to get into it, but Roy Woodbridge stepped to the side of his chief, and said in a low, quiet tone:

"Rafael, this is noble of you, and just what I expected of you; but, have hope; the old lugger lies in the south cove, and I will follow you to Havana, and have a brave crew at my back. Farewell, and have hope. I'll rescue you or die!"

The two men grasped hands, and as the lieutenant went over the side the crew came along, and, excepting the few who had, with Luis Ramirez, betrayed their chief, grasped his hand in farewell, and thanked him for their lives.

As the last man went over the side into the cutter, Nellie passed close to where Mabel stood, and said in tones that came from her heart:

"Lady, don't let him die!"

Mabel Markham made no reply; her heart and brain were on fire with conflicting emotions, and she dare not trust herself to speak.

Lightly Nellie ran down into the waiting boat, the order to cast off was given, and as the crew pulled shoreward, the anchor was hauled atrop, the sails were unfurled, and when the cutter, after landing its cargo on the beach, returned, the Sea Hawk was headed seaward and moving through the water.

"Where is the buccanier?" suddenly cried Captain Markham, as he turned and did not see the chief where he had left him.

"Yes, here, sir, I asked Mr. Ramsey to get me the cap and shirt of one of my men, that I might not be recognized, and be believed to be in yonder party, until too late to do the ship any harm when found out that I am on board, should my order not to fire not be obeyed."

"Hark the fellow! he has the honor of a nobleman," muttered Captain Markham, and he took his stand by the wheel, upon which the hands of Rafael already rested, guiding the vessel's course in her seaward flight.

As the Sea Hawk gained a good offing, having swiftly sped through the dangerous channel, a commotion was visible upon the cliffs, and immediately after a puff of smoke, a deep boom and an iron shot came almost together.

"They have found I was not one of my officers or crew at the wheel, and are opening fire; but we are safe, sir," said Rafael, as the fire from the cliffs was poured hot and fast after the flying vessel, now almost out of range.

"Yes; their fire is useless; we are now out of danger, I suppose?"

"Yes, Captain Markham."

"Very well. Mr. Redmond, put this buccanier again in double irons, and, sir, lay your course for Havana."

"Ay, ay, sir," and upon the face of Ross Redmond there was a look of evident satisfaction, for he had never liked Rafael, even in his character



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Sunshine Papers.

Humbugs.

THERE is a story told concerning a class of collegians, that wishing to play a joke upon one of their professors who was noted for his researches in zoology, and his especial enthusiasm over that branch of the study referring to *artichauts*, they put together the legs and wings, and head and body, of different bugs, forming an insect that to classify they believed would baffle his scientific skill. Upon the appearance of the learned man, to give his daily lecture to the youths, one of the class stepped forward and solemnly inquired if the professor would kindly inform them as to the name of the bug in question. Dropping his eyes critically upon the specimen for a moment, the teacher gravely replied:

"Humbug, young gentlemen."

We have never been informed as to how the crestfallen youths bore this signal failure of their joke, or whether the wise professor improved this fine opportunity for reading them a lesson upon the prevalence of humbuggery. Certain it is, if he forbore to make use of so rare an opportunity for moral philosophizing, the young gentlemen's heads must have burned under the parabolic coils of fire thereby heaped upon them; and perhaps, after all, they slid out of the lecture-room with some little self-consciousness of belonging to that very class of material objects which their worthy professor had so summarily and ironically named. We who have less acquaintance with science than the professor or his pupils, but, possibly, more with humanity and its inventions, know, beyond doubt, that the humbugs in the universe outnumber the *Amelida*, the *Crustacea*, the *Arachnida*, the *Insecta*, or any other division of the animal kingdom.

Humbugs prevail everywhere; old humbugs and young ones; male humbugs and female; humbugs of words and humbugs of acts; humbugs in business, in politics, in professions; in the home circle, in society, and in the church.

Humbugs!—The ancestors who tell the younger generations how much more sensible, and demure, and modest, the youths of "our day" were; and how much better the world was then, altogether. The men and women who fly in the faces of new inventions, and refuse to acknowledge the merits of any

labor-saving machines. The young men who dress like fashion-plates and never pay their tailor's bills. The young women who wear silk dresses and ragged under-clothes. The lovers who tell their sweethearts they never look at other girls, and the sweethearts who tell their lovers they never were kissed by any other man.

Humbugs!—The men who draw big salaries for holding insecure offices. The lecturers who advocate moral reforms, and inspire themselves for their oratorical efforts on tobacco, opium or whisky. The man who gives \$10,000 to head a benevolent subscription that is to be published in a newspaper, and cuts down the porter in his store to half-pay, because the "times are hard." The women who write essays on Economical Housekeeping, the Science of Cookery, the Management of Servants, the Rearing of Children, and have no knowledge of what their own housekeeping bills are a month, how to make a bowl of gruel for a sick husband, whether their cook performs all the duties she is paid for or worries half of them out of the other servants, and never look to their nurseries oftener than once a day, when the babies are all asleep. The women who charge \$75 for making a dress, and pay the girls who sewed it seventy-five cents a day.

Humbugs!—The long prayers made by men who have just tricked innocent victims out of all their earthly subsistence. The advertisements that proclaim certain banks and companies able to pay the "last dollar"—meaning the last of the very few they possess. The kisses ladies give to other ladies that they hate. The diamonds that many women wear. The silver plate showered upon brides. The smiles that one miss gives to another, when the first words she utters behind her back are scandal.

Humbugs!—The merchants who buy costly goods, and hire elegant stores, and intend to fail soon, and settle for thirty cents on a dollar. The men who advertise "goods at cost" (at the cost of the purchaser). The bosses who contract to do good work and then do the meanest kind of work they can. The parties who cry for "Honesty and Reform" and nominate men who are tricksters and knaves. The officials who talk of devotion to country, and devote its revenues to their own uses. The doctors who advertise their proficiency in physic and never won a diploma. The lawyers who promise to look after the interests of their clients and appropriate all their clients' property as pay. The editors who criticize a book according to the amount of money paid them by its author or publisher.

Humbugs!—The sons who talk of the "governor" and "the old man," and ridicule his peculiarities, and live on his money. The daughters who read novels all day, and sit up with beaux half the night, and are too delicate to help mother wash the dishes and sweep the house. Wives who wear fine dresses and new hats, while their husbands cannot afford to replace their ragged coats and breaking boots. Husbands who are always preaching economy to their families, and smoke costly cigars and spend several dollars in treating their friends and indulging in a luxurious dinner. Ladies who are sweet to a female they despise, to get some favor from her. The society that forgives a man's immorality and points the finger of scorn at his victim. The people who are near-sighted—occasionally. The clergymen who believe in God's love and always preach His punishments. The religion that never recognizes its like under shabby clothes. The Christians that cannot worship in plain churches free of debt, but must have magnificent temples with large debts on them.

Humbugs!—But we must leave space for some other matter in the JOURNAL.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

READING.

I ALWAYS feel more of pity than contempt for the person who has never been taught to read, for I think his life must be a lonely and miserable one, shut out as he is from so much that might please, interest and instruct him, and with the intense yearning he must have for knowledge, which cannot be gratified save at second hand, as it were. When he sees so many enjoying the perusal of a story, in book or paper, he says to himself—"Why was I not taught all this in my youth?"

He feels himself, when past his twenty-fifth year, as though he was too old to make a beginning on the round of the ladder of learning; he has scarcely the time to attend to it, and he is mortified to acknowledge his ignorance by attending a night-school. You may say such feelings are not right—that he should not have them. I know they are wrong and that he should not have them, but he does have them; and so would you, were you in the same circumstances and laboring under the same disadvantages.

Were I sick and the doctor were to forbid my reading, I might be inclined to weep like a child, and piteously appeal to his feelings by saying—"Oh, don't deprive me of my books and papers. I'll willingly swallow all the pills and powders, and all the nauseous mixtures you compound, but don't—please don't—deprive me of my reading." He might answer that it would aggravate my troubles were I to read all I desired, and I might be lawless enough to tell him—"I had rather die than give up my much-beloved reading!" so deep and sweet and satisfying is the enjoyment of reading.

The tired body is often told that it needs rest when I would recommend reading. When one rests, one cannot help thinking; and when one thinks, the invalid's thoughts are not apt to be pleasant ones. At such a time we are likely to ponder over our troubles and trials, our grievances and cares. What good will that do? Reading diverts the mind and makes us forget our troubles.

Reading good works makes one better; it encourages, cheers and smooths the life-path before us. An author has a most glorious mission to perform, and in what a noble manner he performs it! We cannot be thankful enough for good works. I have books that I have read over and over again and always close them with regret that the end comes so soon. The characters seem like living personages, like near and dear friends. One of these books is "David Copperfield." Not long since Grandma Lawless found me with the book on my lap and my handkerchief to my eyes. Grandma was surprised and desired to know the cause. Brother Tom remarked—"David's child-wife, Dora, has died again. Eve always smiles when she comes to that part."

In one sense he was right. Dora was dead. But I don't "smile" at that chapter; they are tears of grief that fall. I cannot help it. I don't see how any one can help it. I didn't want David to marry again, but he did; perhaps it was right he should.

I believe that the reading of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" has been the cause of softening many a miserly heart—that it has drawn forth many a dollar to aid some poor and worthy being—that it has cheered many

and many a home and has gone about from city to country, and from palace to cottage, like a beneficent angel who cannot help doing good.

Ah, what a comfort it is! You should see how eagerly I pore over my multitudinous books and papers when the mail arrives; you'd think reading was my "forte." There are so many germs of thought, rays of sunshine, comforting tid-bits and charming chats in these silent companions of mine that they are the "best of all good company," guests I love to entertain. I want to know other people's ideas, thoughts, moods and experiences, and not live cramped up in a world of my own feelings. Books and papers give us an exchange of ideas which we so much need. Some writer has remarked, "Of making books"—he should have added papers—"there is no end," and I am glad it is so—if they are good ones.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Unappreciated Acts.

I SOMETIMES get to thinking that this is a hard-hearted, unappreciative world, and the more you do for it the less it acknowledges the deed. I never got any thanks for anything I ever did. I've quit, and the world and the subscriber are not on speaking terms at present.

When I was a boy I once happened to quit eating peaches on the sly, and looking over into neighbor Wiggins's lot I saw a whole school of pigs in it. Now, I thought I could do a good deed and turn them out, and Wiggins, in the thankfulness of his heart, would shower five or ten cents on me; and Christmas was visible on the far-off horizon. Well, I slipped around, opened the back gate and didn't chase those pigs out right away, and I think I run them around that back lot for half an hour in the mud, working harder than I ever did at home. But, you bet, I got them to skip out; then, out of breath and out of money, I went and knocked at old Wiggins's door; he came and I told him the good deed I had done for him by turning out the pigs, and was almost ready to reach out my hand for the recompense when he grabbed me by the collar. "You little rascal," he exclaimed, with terror in his tones, "I had just bought those pigs and put them in there," and I thought he was going to kill me, but he let me go and ran to catch the pigs, and it took a half a day to find them all and get them back.

I remember when I first came to the city. It was quite wet under foot, as it had just rained. I was deliberately walking down-street, admiring the elegant and chaste statues of Indians, and pleased with everything I saw in the plate-glass windows, including myself, when I saw the woman sweeping down-street with me, and I thought of the recompense when he grabbed me by the collar. "You little rascal," he exclaimed, with terror in his tones, "I had just bought those pigs and put them in there," and I thought he was going to kill me, but he let me go and ran to catch the pigs, and it took a half a day to find them all and get them back.

When a boy I accidentally read in my school reader of the boy who broke a window with a snowball and went and paid for it promptly, and the man, in admiration of the act, took him into his store and eventually made him a partner and son-in-law. So, as I was ambitious and wanted to show how much honor I possessed, I threw a snow-ball through old Smith's window and promptly walked up and rung the bell. He came out, and I told him I had broken his window, but wanted to settle the bill right away. He invited me into the house. I went with pride. He reached for a rattan cane and then for me. There seemed, on a close calculation, to have been forty cents. How he presented that cane to me—a gold-headed one it was! But, such pain! He said he had seen me aim at the window. I never after took pains to show how honorable I was.

I waited for a long time to get a chance to rescue some beautiful girl from a wet death and have her bestow on me her hand and fortune as I had read of them doing. At last I saw a female fall off a ferry-boat in the river. My time had come. I instantly sprang in. I reached her, grabbed her by the hair; it came off; it was only a switch. With great struggling I safely landed her. Instead of covering me with a profusion of thanks she covered me with a profusion of abuse, and, instead of being beautiful she was as homely as a country fire-place, and then her husband came up and wanted to lick me for saving his wife. Besides, I was nearly drowned, and took all the cold that was in the river.

Going along the street one night I saw a basket sitting on a doorstep with clothes in it. Thinking I might do a kind act I run up the door-bell and told the lady of the house that perhaps she had better take that basket in. Just then a little cry came out of the basket which almost made me drop it. "Take that and go right along away from here," she screamed. "What do you mean, sir, by bringing that here? Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" I tried to explain, but she threatened to call the police, and then I sat the basket down on the step and ran away, and at every step "police" came like an echo dying gradually away in the distance. I don't disturb anything on front steps any more.

Only the other slippery day I saw a lady on the point of slipping and falling on the sleazy sidewalk, and in my haste to reach and catch her before she fell, my own feet slid out from under me, knocking hers out from under her, and she fell on me with the immortal two hundred and twenty-five pounds worth of a Memphis avalanche, and there in the presence of all the gathered spectators she called me everything she could think of (and she thought of all things) and I sunk away, not caring to take my white plug hat off which she had mashed down over my ears and face, and only thinking that the Fall of Man was nothing to the fall of woman.

When I am kind enough to lend a passing friend an umbrella, if it is returned at all it is always when the rain is over, for the borrower's terms are invariably "for one moment or during the rain"—if not "during the year."

On a back street, the other day, I encountered two women fighting. I was out colporturing. I interposed. "Women are angels," said I, "and there is no fighting in that happy land where you won't go if you persist in scratching each other's countenances and changing each other's names so vehemently. Let peace be your motto and friendship your watchword."

Stop this late misunderstanding, and accept these tracts which—"But my hair began to fly under the soft female touch, for they both plicated at me, and when I made my escape my face looked like the tattooed New Zealand-er's who sat on the broken bridge of his nose contemplating the ruins of his unsightly poll. I have dispensed with dispensing kindness.

Yours unkindly,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—Why, after all the fuss, there has been only one cubic mile of coal mined in England since the island was discovered.

—The richest women of the Pacific Coast are Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. McDonough, their combined wealth being estimated at \$13,000,000.

—England has among her clergy millionaires and paupers. The Rev. Francis Swan, lately deceased, left \$1,750,000 personally.

—Fifty-one metals are known to exist, thirty of which are known to have been discovered within the present century. Four hundred years ago but seven were known.

—They have just discovered in Texas specimens of a new American bizzard, which the Smithsonian authorities have identified as *Buteo albigularis*, a large and handsome hawk, very different from any hitherto known to occur in the United States.

—In the face and eyes of the following figures, can any woman say that all occupations and professions are not open to her? In the United States there are 530 females practicing as doctors, 42 as dentists, 5 as lawyers, and 68 as preachers.

—The extract of sweet fern is being substituted for snuff in tanneries at Salem, Mass., as but one tanning is required, and better coloring and finish are obtained. The only place in the country where the extract is made is at East Machias, Me.

—A man in Vermont died after suffering from dyspepsia for fifteen years. A post-mortem revealed thirteen cherry-stones imbedded in the lining coats of the stomach. The walls of the stomach, which, in their healthy state, are as thin as the blade of a knife, were an inch thick.

—During the great plague in London one inch was dug in the Charter House, 40 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 20 feet deep, and in a fortnight received 1,114 bodies. During this dire calamity there were instances of mothers carrying their own children to these public graves, and of people who, in despair for the loss of friends, who threw themselves alive into these pits.

—The Deadwood inhabitants are ahead of the world in strict attention to business. The most vigorous waiter at a dance there last week excused himself at half past eleven, as he had a cough to rub at. This is an emphatic rebuke to our giddy, procrastinating, self-indulgent votaries of pleasure. This man is bound to rise, even if the whole community have to pull the rope.

—A joint roasted by the heat of the sun is one of the chief attractions of the grounds of the Paris Exhibition, where M. Mouchot, a Tours professor, daily cooks a portion of meat by means of a strong reflector. He recently succeeded in boiling sufficient water for three cups of coffee in three-quarters of an hour. In Algeria, where the sun naturally possesses greater power, Professor Mouchot has roasted quails in twenty minutes.

—The debt of the United States reached its highest figure October 31, 1865, when it aggregated \$2,308,549,488, of which \$2,332,957,477 bore interest. March 1, 1878, the total debt of the government was \$2,114,880,385, of which \$1,741,782,500 was bearing interest. Thus it appears that the interest-bearing debt of the United States has been reduced \$611,174,977. The annual interest on the interest-bearing debt October 1, 1865, was \$149,431,362. By the reduction of the bonded debt and the funding of a part of the debt at a lower rate of interest, the annual interest of the public debt March 1, 1878, was at the rate of \$92,063,358, showing a reduction in the annual interest account amounting to more than fifty-seven million dollars.

—A Edison is above the medium height, and although he is only thirty-one years old, his iron-gray hair and thoughtful eye show the effects of continued study. He is genial, liberal, and entirely unostentatious. His mind, day and night, is on projects; and even while eating his square meals he is ordering inventions. His conversation consists of occasional ejaculations regarding some new point in whatever project he may have in hand. He is at home in his laboratory, which is very large and complete in all its appointments. He has a number of assistants, who are competent and quick to carry out his wishes, and they are often engaged on several widely different subjects at the same time. The experimental apparatus which is completed during the day is often tried at night when all is quiet and no visitors are present.

—A company has been organized at Washington for the purpose of supplying the householders of the entire city with provisions on the co-operative plan. The proposed system does not in general differ from that of co-operative stores as heretofore established in different parts of the country, but it is very comprehensive in its ambition. The city is to be divided into quarters, with a chief for each quarter and an assistant for each square, and the duty of the assistant will be to go from house to house in the square soliciting orders and setting forth the advantages of the system. The company expects to have twenty thousand members and patrons within a year, and will sell everything a man and his family require at from 15 to 20 per cent. less than the prices ruling at present. This is the first time that anything of this kind has been tried in a large city, and it will be interesting to note its progress.

—When a man becomes famous for good or ill, anecdotes of his early training are more numerous than reliable. It is related of the famous Nobbling, the assassin, who attempted the murder of the Emperor William, that his father and mother were so quarrelsome that the domestics were enjoined never to see or hear what transpired between the couple. They were drilled strictly to obey orders. One day the elder Nobbling ordered his horses put to the carriage, and told the coachman to take him on a two hours' drive, and not to turn his head whatever noise he might hear behind him. In a few moments the driver heard a sharp report. Obedient to his orders he did not turn to look, but dashed the drive and returned home. When he opened the carriage door, Nobbling senior lay in the bottom of the carriage—dead, with his pistol in his hand. Not a very likely story—but that is the way it is told in the German newspapers.

—The young men at Spotted Tail's camp recently had their annual sun dance, and the barbarous festival was one of more ordinary "success." Forty-eight candidates passed through the terrible ordeal of self-torture, thus becoming entitled to full diplomas as warriors of unquestioned bravery. The ceremony is as follows: The candidate for honors cuts two longitudinal slits down each breast, and under the strip of skin and flesh inclosed by the incisions one end of a lariat is passed and tightly fast to the top of a high pole, and the candidate throws himself back with his weight upon the lariat. The dance then goes on until the flesh gives way. Should he fail to break loose in the manner prescribed, or should he faint during the operation, he is forever disgraced. The dance just closed was held about fifteen miles back from the Missouri river, near Yankton, Dakota, and was witnessed by about seven thousand Indians and twenty-five whites. Old Spotted Tail was master of ceremonies.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Hugh Tracy," "The Death Demon," "Old Rover's Mission," "One Night's Tragedy," "Ammonia Fort 881," "Woman Hunter's Captivity," "Clementina," "The Broken Pane," "A Mysterious Photograph," "When Winds Were Low," "A Grave on the Cliff," "To the Cap-pomestic."

Accepted: "A Lesson and Its Sequence," "A Touch of Jealousy," "The Tramp Hero," "Twist Life and Death," "Congenial Spirits," "Punka, Punka," "The Post's Lover," "The Shrine of Song," "A Leaf," "Through Time," "A Rival to Myself," "Lessen the Load," "Grouty," "Two Girls," "Letting in the Light."

We shall not give the stories named, in the Half-Dime Library.

M. S. We do not supply papers or books other than our own. Send order or inquiry to American News Co., New York.

Ocean. Any good school rhetoric will tell you all about ventilation and its laws, for lava has, and rigid ones, too, which too many would-be poets are ignorant of or wholly ignore.

J. D. A. Jr. Starch alone, if properly applied, is all that is required. The "glow steam" has spurned in it. Some laundries use, also, a slight quantity of gum arabic in the starch.

Maqure. We have, at least a dozen times, given recipes for removing freckles, but a weak solution of muriate of ammonia is good. Apply with sponge two or three times a day. Avoid sun on the face or exposure to hot wind.

M. Frequent close cutting promotes hair growth. Use also as a stimulant, either wet with bay rum or cologne and applied as a paste; or a lotion of cream (or cocoa oil) and tincture of cantharides. Absence of hair sometimes is irremediable, but growth should be promoted by proper remedies and early attention.

Melrose. We do not think going to South America upon uncertainties would be a sensible thing to do. As times promise to grow better, we try for a place at home. Why not obtain the agency of some good article to sell to housekeepers and travel through the country of Northern and Central Ohio? Your knowledge of German will be a great help to you in such a business.

D. D. A. It is quite proper either for a gentleman to ask a lady if he may have the pleasure of calling upon her, or for a lady to tell a gentleman she would be pleased to have him call upon her; some young ladies invite gentlemen to call again, and they are on very intimate terms; others consider one invitation all that is necessary to place the gentleman upon visiting terms.

Washington Irving. If the buttressed stain has been "set" by soap it will not come out. If the garment has not been washed use hartshorn, applying it several times. It is very difficult to tell which is the "most powerful nation in the world." Germany has the best army; England the best navy; Russia the most troops available, and France the most military spirit. In case of war, France would be miserably weak abroad, but at home invincible.

Delia. Any married woman in Massachusetts is not perfectly free to will her own property as she may desire. She may dispose of her property as she pleases, provided her husband's consent is indorsed on the will in writing. If the devise is to her husband, his consent is not necessary. In case of a release, virtually makes him master. The Old Bay State is a good State to leave if you desire perfect freedom in the disposition of your property.

H. W. D. Our advice to you would be to seek a personal interview with the lady, and, in the presence of her father and one of your own relations, demand an explanation of their conduct. Or, if you cannot accomplish such a meeting, write to the father for such an explanation. You may find their only desire is to hold you to an engagement of your own seeking, or, in case of a release, you only obtain a freedom you have yourself proposed.

Blue Jeans. Can't say much for your rhymes. Evidently you have no sense, and no idea of what poetry is. You are of the "Sweet Singer of Michigan" order. See how you look in print:

"If I was rich and you was poor
I'd turn you severely from my door
And compel you to take your leave."

Try the Philadelphia Ledger. It might use you in its obituary staff.

Isaac W. E. First, in presents always try to give something that will be useful. Second, don't go beyond your means; and third, don't, even if you are able, present articles which are beyond the circumstances of the recipient, and will seem to you as if you were giving them a burden. In the case you indicate where the young housekeeper will naturally feel some pride in her household, and will seem to you as if there is an endless variety of gifts combining ornament with usefulness.

Willis. If you promote your own as well as the lady's interests by the service you may be early or uncivil to refuse. Even though you may be "paying attentions" to another, that other would scarcely object to your promotion of a near relation's health and happiness. You must not allow their relatives will never love their sweethearts any the less, but rather in the more devoted lovers. A twenty-four hour service is a good service, and a man ought to realize fully the obligations he assumes by marrying.

M. M. Black trimmed with light blue makes a very pretty suit. Very desirable, and very desirable. They make the gait awkward, and spoil the feet. Your height and weight are just the happy mean that always pleases. Nothing hurts the complexion more than overeating and drinking. Be moderate. Use milk freely, but avoid greasy meats and hot bread. Light wines are excellent for summer drinking if they are pure and well made. Your sister is worth from seven to ten dollars, so the proposition is generous, considering the nature of the service required. The working-girl is considered well paid who gets seven dollars a year.

FARMER LAME-BACK. We cannot tell why there are such differences in the several States as to what constitutes a bushel. Twenty-four pounds of dried apples are a bushel in Illinois, 25 in Indiana, 28 in Michigan. Of barley: 40 in Iowa, 45 in Indiana, 48 in Wisconsin, 50 in Wisconsin, 43 in Michigan, and 30 in Indiana. The metric system could not correct such discrepancies because each State has the power to declare the weight legal. The only remedy is for the General Government to provide a system of weights and measures which shall be standard and legal in all the States—which should have been done long ago.

Miss L. C., Detroit, writes: "Suppose I, and my sister, and a guest are invited to attend a place of amusement where I think it wrong to go; would it be good manners for my guests to wear a sash and leave me home alone? Do you not think it would be better taste for her to stay home, also, as I do not approve of going? It would be perfectly proper for you to advise your sister to wear a sash. She is not under any obligations to think as you do, nor, as her hostess, would it be good taste on your part to try to convert her. If you are invited to go with her enjoyment, or to allow her to give up an engagement for your accommodation. On the contrary, though you are quite justified in acting as you think right for your individual self, you should make it a point, as a hostess, to further a guest's pleasure in every way.

Miss SALLIE B. A fine voice and attractive person are well enough to command notice in country towns, but here they pass almost unnoticed unless backed by influence that can give you a public hearing. The city has hundreds of women who live fine fingers but are unable to obtain recognition. The first step would be to sing in some prominent church. Volunteer your service there, and if you have more than average concert merit you will soon make friends, and your course will then be marked out more clearly. As to "commendations" to some manager, do not bother about them. They will do you no good. A manager does not want a novice to expend money upon, but, on the contrary, requires one of such name and fame as will draw. You must, therefore, make that name and fame yourself. When that is done you'll have managers come to you, at your own terms. A voice of the range you indicate, if clear, sustained and fine, is certainly ought to make its owner's fortune.

Mrs. E. K. N. writes for advice about coming to New York to obtain work as a dressmaker. She says: "I am making money in my own way, but I am anxious to see the city and to obtain the higher prices. I understand, are paid in New York for sewing." We would strongly advise Mrs. N. to remain where she is doing well, and not to throw aside a certain competency for a very uncertain increase of pay. The difficulties she has already overcome, of obtaining a good class of custom, must all be met again in a new place, and with the added disadvantage of working among entire strangers. The very high prices of which she has heard are obtained only by dressmakers of established reputation, and against them must be considered the great additional expense of living in New York. There is a probability that a dressmaker would find herself bewildered by the ever-shifting fashions in the metropolis, and probably she would lose some months in learning to accommodate her needle to them.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

BY A. W. BELLAW

Typical Women.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET

In the spring of 1486 Columbus first

Again the negotiation with Columbus w

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON

Over the trysting-place come and go

Pretty and Proud:
OR,
THE GOLD-BUG OF FRISCO.

A Story of a Girl's Folly.

CHAPTER XXI

Between them, they lifted the unconscious girl out of bed, draped about her a thick traveling rug in which they had brought with them, and bore her to the window. She made no resistance than as if she had been a lot of wood. Brant climbed out, received her in his arms and held her until his friend had also cleared the window, when, between them, they carried the poor girl through the yard, out through the gate, to the buggy, where Alexander got in and took the reins, while Brant carefully wrapped the slim figure in more shawls and placed it beside his companion, who threw one arm about it to support it. The remainder

next day Lord Henry declared that he was not ready to quit New York. His father accused him of remaining to consummate a marriage with a lady unworthy of him, the relative of a woman who acknowledged herself unfit to be the earl's wife; upbraided him with a want of pro-

ing to Rosine.

"Madame," answered the startled girl. "It was a jest," said her mistress, with a bitter, reckless laugh. "Now, Rosine, I must be off, or the one I desire to meet at Mrs. Livingstone's will have left there. Wait up for me; I shall not be long away."

The other ladies who hovered about the hostess took on a faded look when Esther Silverman presented herself. Her always splendid beauty was, to-night, more than merely splendid. The despair, love, anguish at her heart, shone through, not as suffering, but as rich and superb expression and coloring. The rose on her cheek was warm, the fire in her eye dazzling.

"Very poor taste of her to wear white satin, richer than mine!" complained the bride. Esther had not thought of outshining the new-made wife. She wore her best, but it was that Gascoigne might see her in it!

As soon as possible, she ensconced herself in a deep window-seat, and, from her nook, beheld the girl moving restlessly from room to room, evidently in search of her.

Her eyes fed on his grave, sad face; her spirit rose in protest against her own unhappy fate. Why should she not be his wife?

The gay, softly-beating, softly-repeating strains of the delicious dance measures almost made her scream aloud, so wrought to almost frenzy did she grow, gazing at the one she loved, knowing that happiness had slipped out of her grasp. Over and over to herself she murmured some verses that floated to the surface of her memory, though she knew not how they came there.

"Still that music underneath. Works to madness in my brain. Even the roses seem to breathe. Poisoned perfumes, full of pain."

"Let me think—my head is aching. I have little strength left to think. And I know my heart is breaking. Yet, oh love, I will not shrink!"

"In his look is such sweet sadness. As he bends that look on me, I am helpless—lost—lost—lost. Call it guilt—but it must be!"

The sharp darts of pain that shot through Esther's head became more frequent. Once or twice it occurred to her that she was feeling much as she felt that horrible day, so many weary years ago, when her twin-sister died, and—and—so many other things happened.

Presently the ear, wandering listlessly about, doing his best to appear interested and pleased, for courtesy's sake, felt a strange, magnetic attraction drawing him to a certain part of the back drawing-room. He made his way through ranks of silks and jewels and saw the star-eyes of Esther fixed full upon him.

"Ah, you are here?" he said, tenderly, as soon as he could reach her side. "I have been looking for you so long that I was about to leave in despair."

"Gascoigne!" her low, thrilling voice breathed music into his name. How beautiful, how faultless she looked! What could there be to set the sea between her and him! How her eyes shone!—dark as night, bright as diamonds!

"Esther," he whispered, bending over her. "You are a beautiful mystery to me! I do not understand why you are here to-night if you and I are to be separated. Take back that cruel message you sent me. Say to me, now, that it was a jest."

"It was no jest, Gascoigne. Something dark and dreadful lies between us. Let me whisper to you what that hideous thing is. Murder—it is murder! My hand is red with blood. Look at it!" she tore off her glove and held up her soft, white, shapely hand, while her glittering eyes searched his face with a curious, intent look.

"You are ill and over-excited, Esther," spoke the ear, beginning to feel uneasy, half-shrinking from her fixed gaze.

"I am ill, Gascoigne. My head aches terribly. I think I shall go mad with the pain."

"Shall I call your carriage? Will you go to the dressing-room?"

"Yes, if you please, Gascoigne!" She arose to take his offered arm. Perhaps the sudden emotion increased the pain in her head, for she gave a low, sharp scream, and would have fallen had he not caught her.

"She has fainted," he cried, to those about him.

Alas! it was worse than an ordinary fainting-fit. It was just such a deep unconsciousness as that from which she once awoke in the ravings of brain fever.

Finding that she could not be revived, her physician was sent for, and she was placed in her carriage and taken home under his care. Before morning the congestion had partially passed away, but Esther was in a high fever and delirious.

Faithful Rosine put away her lady's jewels and satin robe, and went to her bedside to watch patiently over her.

"Miss Mercedes ought to be here," she said, to Miss Rosine, "but I do not know where she is, or how to find her."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 431.)

A THRUSH'S SONG.

BY ERN E. STILLMAN.

I saw a wee bird singing, swinging,
Close by a pellucid lake,
A wee bird, brown and blue,
And beneath him the ripples broke.

I heard this glad bird singing, singing,
And his song was loud and clear;
So feigned with joy,
With naught to cloy.

As he sung it behind the mere,
And through my heart went ringing, ringing,
A beautiful, tender strain,
Like the thrush's song
The rubies around
Or the tinkling of summer rain.

Then went the brown bird winging, winging,
Away to the flushes west;
Oh! a maiden fair
Is waiting there.

Ah! why sings the song in my breast?

Wild Will,

THE MAD RANCHERO;

OR, THE TERRIBLE TEXANS.

A Romance of Kit Carson, Jr., and Big Foot Wallace's Long Trail.

BY "BUCKSKIN SAM."

(MAJOR SAM S. HALL.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MAD AVENGER.

As Big Foot and his party were riding through the ford, the Tonkaway was just running his scalping-knife around the head of the last Indian, in the death ring about the tree, when he was grasped from behind by the huge black bear which had previously played a part in the death of the Comanches.

Raven knew in an instant the fix he was in, as the huge claws clamped about him, and by a sudden twist brought himself about to face the bear, before the powerful claws met too closely around his breast.

With another desperate struggle, in which his sinews were stretched to their utmost tension, he succeeded, being on the edge of the bank, in throwing himself and the bear over the brink, and the two rolled over and over down into the water, the knife of Raven being driven between the animal's ribs to the hilt, as often as the Indian could get room to swing his arm.

Both rolled down and disappeared beneath the dark waters, in plain view of Big Foot and his party, as they were in the river crossing.

"Waal," shouted Big Foot, in an excited and

astonished manner, "if this don't beat their devil! What in the name of Crockett, are you in next? It's a danged queer time for their Tonk to be b'ar-huntin', but I reckon by their way things looks ther b'ar was a huntin' ther Tonk. That animal must be an old acquaintance an' his a mighty 'flectionate cuss, he's soft on ther red, an' heavy on the hug. Look a-thar, boys; by the way that water b'iles reckon they're havin' a reg'lar fandango, but ther drink kinder shets off ther music. I ain't at all skeered 'bout ther Tonk; he's got ther grins come t'her foot. Reckon that bear 'll never hang 'round another bee-tree. Hurra! Thar's our Tonk! jist a clavin' up ther bank down below thar, and yer can jist bet that b'ar was fish-bait by thar. Cum on, boys; our horses 'll get chilled; it an' time we was joid ther side."

"Sure, Misther Big Put," exclaimed Larry, in a terrified manner, "I'm thinkin' it's meself that'll go back beyond to ther ranch. I'm not fallin' at all well; am not used to sayin' such heathenish things, as I have seen this night. God kape me frum ever passin' another sich! Begorror, it's a fool I was, to ever have cild Ireland. How far does the likes of ye call it to the salt say, from this beast of a place! Sure, I'm fannished fur fude, an' dyin' fur shape; but I cild rather ate nor rist wid sich murtherin' sights about me."

"Waal, Larry," said Big Foot, a broad grin overspreading his face, "make a blue streak back, if yer want, but yer can jist stop at ther place Wild Will was cookin' in. It's an' tell that beauty to cum up this-a-way, an' give us a hand an' fight in yer place."

"Howly mother o' Moses! I clean furgit him entirely, becad! but I face a dozen devils wid you b'ys afore me. I'd go along widin a mile ov him. I'm thinkin' I can't stay wid any safety to meself, anyways, an' I'm forced to stay wid ye, anyhow," and Larry, jerking his head about in every direction, as if expecting some new horror, spurred his horse, and scrambled to the opposite bank with him.

He halted their animals, all dripping with water, by the tree which supported the dead Comanches. "Ther boys hav' gone in heavy right on ther jump fur reg'lar 'll," declared Big Foot, "but, whar in thunderation are they a-hidin' ther'sel's?"

At this moment Tom and Joe, with a low whistle of caution, sprung into the midst of the party; and the Tonkaway looking wet and fatigued joined them, coming fresh from his struggle with the bear.

No allusion was made by the boys in regard to the laughable mistake their parids had made, when they had discovered the dead Indians, as they knew Big Foot would feel sore on the subject.

"Mighty glad ter see yer, boys," welcomed Tom; "we need yer right now if ever. Kit hav' gone on a lone scout inter ther camp o' ther reds in spite of all we cild do, an' if he's gobbled it ain't no fault o' ours. I reckon wid you boys we can make a clean sweep through them without gittin' corraled, an' if they've got Kit, as things look, why, they can't keep him frum this crowd, nor Mollie either. Howdy, Tonk! Hope yer hadn't hurt my b'ar. What's ther difficulty between yer?"

"No like Raven take scalp," answered the Tonkaway. "Hug Raven tight claws, sharp. Raven knife more sharp—more long—find heart—gone down river—can't find him!"

"How did yer clean out them reds?" interrupted Jack, addressing Tom.

"We lay off in ther brush," explained Tom, "an' knifed the whole caboodle. We hain't used no shootin'—iron's where we laid round here, ner stung no loose jaw. It's only three miles up to ther camp o' ther reds an' they're as bold an' brash as if they had a thousand braves."

"Waal, yer hav' harnesses a few on 'em up," returned Jack, "an' they don't fear no kick ag'in ther traces much. Six makes a good team; but them looks rather balky an' too badly spavined to draw much of a load," and Jack gave a quiet laugh while he punched Clowin in the ribs.

Just at this moment the fusillade from the revolvers of Kit, as he laid Mary on the grass and fired into the savages who were pursuing them, struck the ears of the Rangers, ever acute, borne down, as the reports were, by the night breeze.

"By the blood of Crockett!" yelled Big Foot, "thar goes Kit's shooters! He's alone, boys, an' wants help. Mount for yer lives! A Texan! a Ranger! a White Man is fighting for his life! Sling yer'sel's ready fur blood an' vengeance, an' remember, no mercy! Six makes a good team; but them looks rather balky an' too badly spavined to draw much of a load," and Jack gave a quiet laugh while he punched Clowin in the ribs.

There was a dashing and plunging of mustangs as Tom and Joe prepared to join the impatient party outside the bushes.

"Keep by my nag, Larry," cried Big Foot; "keep by me, an' shoot ther red cusses when year can draw a bead. Yer'll soon git ter like it, an' it 'll cum easy. Are yer ready, boys? One minute may lose a white man's life."

But his last words were drowned by a long, piercing, unearthly yell, that thrummed from the opposite river bank.

The moon broke free from the black cloud that had hung like a pall between it and the earth, showing to the astonished Rangers, who sat their horses, as if suddenly petrified, the form of Wild Will, the Red Trail, upon his horse, who came bounding with maddening leaps and eyes protruding with terror.

The dreadful yell or scream of Wild Willaday cut the night air, and sent a thrill of horror to the very marrow of those who were about him, coming, without sense enough left in them to clear the way.

Up the steep bank sprung the terrified, panting steed, covered with foam, bearing his mad master.

On they came—Will's eyes staring straight before him, showing no sign that he saw his old friends and dashed past them at headlong speed through the oaks, and out into the prairie beyond, followed by the Rangers who halted as they cleared the bottom timber.

Larry, pale as death, his teeth chattering, kept in the midst of the Texans, grasping his saddle horn with the desperation of despair.

Wild Will turns his horse directly up the river and points for the last camp.

How does he know its location? No one has told him, and if such was the case he is too insane to understand.

No more horrible sight could be presented to the eye than Wild Will now going on a red trail for revenge!

The Indian head-dress, his hideously painted face, his long black hair flying in the wind, the fiendish, vengeful look in his eyes—his howls, shrieks and laughter, as he dashes along, all proclaim that the Red Trail comes for blood!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RED TRAILER'S CHARGE.

In the Indian camp all were wrapped in slumber except the sentinels and the two captives—Kit and Mary Halliday.

The latter is suffering excruciating bodily pain; due to the manner in which she is bound. She had heard Kit's voice taunting the Indians, and the threats of Black Wolf, her mind was filled, indeed, overburdened, with misery, before Kit made her visit to rescue her, in regard to the horrible treatment of her family, and now she has more to suffer than most human minds could stand; and prays that something may happen in her favor to relieve the worst strain that is on her nerves, weakened as they are by want of food and sleep.

Kit's proud, brave spirit seems to have oozed out with the streams of blood that have, since his capture, poured from his wounds. For his head, so erect when hissing hot words at the captors, is now drooped upon his breast, the flashing eyes are shaded by the quivering lids, while the long lashes rest upon his cheeks, through which hot, burning tears are washing their way.

But the tears come not from sufferings of his own; they are brought out by the heartrending moans of her he loves better than his life, into whose tender flesh the tight-drawn cords are

cutting as deep as her groans of anguish cut into his heart.

But a sudden commotion stirs the Comanche camp; sharp, quick signals of alarm are transmitted from sentinel to sentinel. A long, shrill, piercing shriek comes cutting through the air and down the river. Warriors spring from their blankets, grasp their weapons, listen, then look with wonder at each other, for they know by the sound that but a single horse is approaching the camp.

Crush and wood are thrown upon the fires, although the moon now makes the night almost as light as day.

On comes the sound of the clattering hoofs; the air is filled with yells so strange, so unlike anything they have ever heard before, that the Indians huddle together in superstitious terror.

On, on, plunged, they knew not what.

The bushes and branches crack and bend, and out into the clearing, bursting from the thick border of trees, comes Wild Will—an apparition and dread to the madman and maddened horse.

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Irish fighting qualities showed themselves, and he was in with a will, using his gun as he would a shillelagh, cracking skulls right and left; in fact Larry performed his part in a manner that called forth the praise of all, especially from Big Foot, who now paid particular attention to his "picked-up" pard.

When the Rangers found it impossible to ascertain by any trail or sign the whereabouts of either Kit or Mary, they seated themselves about one of the Indian camp-fires to rest from their long and hard ride, taken in the early hours of the night, well knowing that the sun would shortly show them sure signs of what had become of their friends.

The Tonkaway soon glided into the circle, and stood in the firelight a moment, casting a wandering glance around the camp, and then seated himself near Big Foot, exclaiming, in a satisfied manner:

"Good—have war council—what think—where Mary gone—where Kit gone—Comanche no kill—let Big Foot chief speak—Raven's ears open."

"Keep yer eyes open, Tonk," said Big Foot, glancing around the camp, "fur sum o' them skulking smoky-skins might send ther cards in ther shape of a blue whistler in at us. We ain't targis, jist about now, 'round this here fire."

"Comanche gone," answered Raven, "pick up feet fast—trail up river—no stop—much scare—heep afraid fast shootin'—guns."

"Waal, make be so, yer oughter know ther natur'," as few whar they're gone, I'm buttin' my head a-thinkin' on. I can't put things right ter suit me. I'm ther wust mixed-up man in this crowd; never seen things turn out so danged unat'lar-like afore. What yer all thinkin' 'bout, boys?"

"I'll tell yer what's glidin' through my brain-box," answered Tom Clark. "I hain't forgot them revolver-shots, what we heard when Kit war a-playin' a lone hand, an' I thought possibly, fact are, I put it up, as a dead sure thing that Kit got bad hurt afore the reds tied him up, an' like enuf he had Mollie, jist a hestin' hisself fur our camp, when he dun ther shootin'."

"Put this an' that together, an' I says he war in too bad a fix ter git away hisself, an' so somebody be gone an' tuck him."

"Thar's a heap o' sense in yer talk, Tom," said Big Foot, "but how about Mollie, she—"

"I have made up that item clear in my mind," interrupted Joe. "It is plain to see that the chief, Bear Claw, down below at the light at the ranch, left his braves when we charged them, and run with Mary; now, cur not finding his dead body, I think he has taken Mary and left on the sly, leaving the Indians without a chief—in fact, has played the same hand he did at the ranch. Struck with Mollie's beauty, he's a-going to make her his squaw."

"Joe's words good," said Raven; "Joe's tongue straits—Tom good council talk—both great scout."

"Boys," cried out Jack Hodge, "one thing are sure—that ain't no stage-route here, an' consequently they has gone off on two or four legs. The fust ovin' ter weakness, ain't ter be think o' an' if they are bent took away hossback, I reckon we has sun tal old ridin' afore us."

"But yer may interest in ther Mexican Republic," broke in Clowin, "that the reds, what stumped from here, fetch up with another pack. They wouldn't be so danged bold if thar warn't a big crowd within a day's ride or so, Kit done his shootin'." "Tain't reasonable ter think any o' ther d'ed reds here in ther camp were knocked under by him. If he war takin' Mollie, he would 'n' made a streak fur ther ford, not this-a-way."

No sooner had Clowin spoken, than Raven sprung to his feet, muttering:

"Raven hear big foot!" and glided out of the circle of fire-light past the blanket shelter, and disappeared in the darkness beneath the branches of the oaks.

"Keep on, boys; sling yer council-talk, as ther Tonk says," exclaimed Big Foot. "Things are gittin' a little more clear, an' I reckon daylight 'll show everything strait. It's gittin' light a little now whar the sun pops up. That Tonk are the whited red I ever saw. I kind ter soften on him. Larry, I didn't allow, war with shucks, but he went in, as brash as a black wolf among bull-dog calves. How dux yer feel, Larry?"

"Felle, is it!" answered Larry; "I'm a-fallin' as wake an' faint as a new-born babe. Phat do the red devils do for 'atin'! Sure I see nothin' ar'und that w'd keep a man from starvin' without he turns hore an' ates grass. Phat war sich divil made fur, bother us wid howl an' yells an' the loike of that, let alone runnin' others mad wid grafe, and murtherin' females widout marcy! Murder an' turf, but it's meself that's thankin' the Virgin we has none sich in cild Ireland; but there might a-bin, long ago, and were ather bairn banished wid the snakes be Saint Patrick, Heaven bless him! The curse on the red b'athen, for they has killed me horse, as decent an' amenable as ever was after whisikin' a tail; an' a kind frind he was to me. I forgive him fur thyrin' to sinle me down the stage bank beyon'. I'm thinkin' he had a mind to commit suicide, that time. God knows, Faith! he won't let. Bedad a good horse is the best frind a man cild hav' in this cuss ev a country, an' me heart's fallin' sad, indade it is, fur the loss ev him."

"Don't fret, Larry," said Big Foot; "you've got friends here whar't'll look after yer life on yer. I like yer better fur yer thinkin' of yer critter; but, yer shall take yer pick outen the hill caboodle whar we has got in the mornin'."

"And Larry," added Joe, "I'll go and see if I can't corral some grub. I'm as hungry as you—all of us; and it will be strange if I don't forage up some kind of eatables in as large a camp as this, if it ain't none some dried-beef as Joe started on a tour of inspection, avoiding the heaps of dead Indians."

The Tonkaway now put in an appearance, and stood within the circle of firelight with folded arms, awaiting to be questioned.

"Has yer struck anything fresh?" "Yes," replied Raven, "me find whar Eagle Eye shoot—kill Comanche—big fight—dark night—Eagle Eye great warrior—red-men run—thar—thar hatchet—shoot arrow—hit Eagle Eye—he much blood loss—know nothin' when tie up—drag him on ground."

"Told yer so, boys!" cried Tom, quickly. "I knowed he w'd a-fit till he drapped, an' w'd keep 'em a-farin' grass, as long as he could grip shooter or bowie. I'm on ther anxious seat fur daylight, fur it's jist ther danged thing whar he cild a-scoted. His corpus ain't here, that ar a comfort."

Reckless Joe now came up with a calf-skin sack of dried buffalo-meat, and again returned to the north portion of the camp and brought on his back a bag of parched corn.

"There, boys," he exclaimed, with a satisfied smile, "there's grub. Pitch in, Larry, and forget yer noble steed, or, if you can't do that, remember he died in a good cause. Gentlemen, I bid you to the feast; you are welcome, and us shain't cost you even a Texas land-warrant. Don't let the extensiveness of the bill of fare worry you; select your dishes and sail in."

Long before Joe had finished speaking all the camp were eating like famished wolves, and Joe made a grab at each bag, filling his hat, remarking at the same time

Stanhope he might have had hopes of making her Mrs. Craig. And it was this friendship which secured young Wells his position.

"Well?"

"He was also personally acquainted with Dr. Wells, and after him with Col. Stanhope. He knows the latter to have had the reputation, at least, of being a bachelor, and consequently not likely to have a son whom he would recognize and associate with his daughter, whose life—"

"All of which is very good so far as it goes," interrupted Felix, impatiently. "But, sir, your premises are rather shaky."

"Waiving that, then, suppose it were to be established that the Egbert of our acquaintance bears a striking resemblance to the lamented Dr. Wells, while Adele—"

"Miss Stanhope, if you please!"

"I beg your pardon! While Miss Stanhope as strongly resembles the gallant colonel, the brother and sister having some features in common, would it not appear that the link was through the mother?"

"How recently has Mr. Craig seen the brother and sister?"

"The former not for nineteen years—the latter never."

"Then how can he tell them they resemble?"

"I am the fortunate possessor of a daguerreotype of the individuals."

"You have a likeness of Miss Stanhope? How did you come possessed of it? I demand it, sir, instantly!"

"All in good time. If you wish it after it has answered its purpose, you shall have it."

"But how did you get it?"

"I was shrewd enough to foresee this exigency, not to mention a predilection for the original of the effigy, and let us say, confiscated it! Now, sir, I purpose to submit this daguerreotype to the examination of the ancient lover; and you will have the benefit of his unbiased judgment."

"When can we see this gentleman?"

"Immediately."

"Very well, sir; I attend you. Lead the way."

Felix got his hat.

"My son, may I not accompany you?" asked Mrs. Cornish.

"Mother, you may trust me now. However this eventuates, I am determined to see the palm of Egbert Stanhope's hand!"

"M. Bourdoine, as you have been present during the whole of this affair, I shall be glad of your company, if agreeable to you."

"Merci (thanks), my friend. Pray command me."

"The gentlemen went out together, and fifteen minutes later entered the office of the cotton broker."

"Are Messrs. Craig & Harney in?" asked Long Jack of the messenger-boy in the outer office.

"Mr. Craig is in his private office," was the reply. "Mr. Harney has not yet returned from the Exchange."

"Conduct me to Mr. Craig."

"The boy led the way through to an inner office where sat a man of perhaps sixty years of age. He looked like one who had led a tranquil life, but in his eyes there was a shade of melancholy or regret."

"Mr. Craig," said Long Jack, when they had been courteously received and seated, "allow me to introduce myself as John Boardman, and my friends—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Felix, haughtily. "For myself and my friend."

"Mr. Craig," began Jack, "I must ask you to be so good as to excuse me for a moment."

Long Jack laughed lightly, to mask the real annoyance he felt.

"A designation of no importance," he said. "These gentlemen are Mr. Cornish, of Memphis, and M. Bourdoine—a cosmopolite, I take it."

"Mr. Craig acknowledged the introduction, and waited for the development of the business of his unexpected guests."

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Felix thought of Adele, and could hardly repress a groan.

"In person," pursued the old man, with a far-away look in his eyes, as if he were describing the phantom his recollection conjured up before him—"in person she was remarkable for delicacy, elegance, refinement. I don't know that I make myself clear; but there are women who in dress and demeanor impress one as the impersonation of a poem. She was to humanity what Parian marble is to art."

"But here the old gentleman suddenly checked himself and actually blushed faintly. Strangers could have little sympathy with his heart-pictures."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said. "Of course you have only to do with her physical appearance. She was rather small, with brown hair of a medium shade, and gray eyes."

"Sir, your descriptions have more than met my expectations," said Long Jack.

He then produced from his pocket a daguerreotype case, of the style common twenty years ago. Opening it, he screened half the likeness by holding a piece of paper over it, leaving revealed the picture of Adele Stanhope.

At sight of this Felix trembled with anger and pain, and could scarcely restrain the impulse to snatch it from Long Jack's hands.

"What do you think of this picture?" asked the gambler, extending it toward Mr. Craig.

The old gentleman wiped his spectacles and gazed at it in silence, until his eyes grew humid.

"Is it her daughter?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Yes. Does it resemble her?"

"In expression, yes. There is all the gentleness and sensitiveness. Physically she is as much a reproduction of the father as the difference of sex would permit. She has his features exquisitely refined."

"Now, sir, what do you think of this?"

And Long Jack drew the paper from before Egbert, who was represented seated, while Adele leaned with her peculiar grace on his shoulder.

"It is her boy," said the old man, in a tone of sadness. "He is the image of his father at that age. She would never be convinced of his guilt; and perhaps it was better so; it would have killed her to believe him unworthy. It is given to few of us to be loved as she loved."

And the sigh that arose to his lips was only partly repressed.

Felix arose, looking stern and pale.

"Mr. Craig," he said, "this is sufficient. We need not longer trespass upon your time. You have done me a service which I cannot hope to requite—I can only thank you."

But here the office-boy stuck his head in at the door and said:

"Mr. Harney, sir."

A strange smile came to Long Jack's lips, but instantly disappeared.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. PAUL HARNEY.

In the doorway stood a man of perhaps fifty years of age. There was a stoop in his shoulders, so that he never held his head erect. He looked out from under his brows with restless eyes; and he had a trick, too, of rubbing his hands over the other, as if he were washing them.

The characteristic expression of his face was weakness, which was heightened by his sallow complexion.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Craig—"my partner, Mr. Harney. These gentlemen are Mr. Boardman—Mr. Cornish—M. Bourdoine."

Mr. Harney had cast one glance round the room, and his bilious countenance had turned a dirty gray. He now acknowledged the introduction with a silent bow.

"Sir, your coming is very opportune," said Long Jack, advancing and extending his hand cordially. "I can hardly consider myself a total stranger to you, though it is now nearly twenty years since I had the honor of meeting you. The dead past never seems to bury its dead, Mr. Harney. At the most unexpected time and in the most extraordinary way things long forgotten are again dragged to the surface."

"But before apprising you of our business, may I submit to your examination a daguerreotype?"

Mr. Harney had yielded his hand to Long Jack, rather than taken that of the gambler. While the latter was speaking, the eyes of the former had wandered from and returned to the face of his interlocutor with that uneasiness betrayed by animals when steadfastly gazed at.

Having seated himself with his elbows resting on the arms of his chair, he took the daguerreotype and seemed to study it carefully.

"Do you recognize either of the persons?" asked Long Jack.

Mr. Harney shook his head slowly from side to side.

"No," he said, reflectively. "I know no such faces."

"Go back twenty—thirty years."

A pause, and then:

"I can recall no such persons. It is a long way back, sir. And yet—I do not know—there seems something—No. I must have forgotten, if I ever knew such persons."

"There was a messenger boy guilty of forgery—"

"Ah!"

Long Jack stopped at the sudden interruption, and waited for his hint to work its effect.

Mr. Harney bent more closely over the picture. After a moment, he moistened his lips with his tongue, and then said in a monotonous tone:

"That was a sad case, sir. Is this the picture of Charles Wells? I think I now see a resemblance to his father, who did not live to be pained by his son's fall."

"That is all I require, sir. It is the picture of Charles J. Wells. It is but fair to you to say that your identification of him may go to frustrate an attempt to insinuate himself into an unsuspecting family as an honest man."

Jack spoke with quiet deliberation, looking straight at Mr. Harney.

The latter fumbled amid some papers, coughed behind his hand, and then resumed the wringing or washing motion.

"But the brand in his palm!" he said, constrainedly. "I should think it an insuperable obstacle."

"He cleverly hides it beneath a kid glove, and affects an elegance of attire whose aim is to divert singularity, as much as any is the unusual habit of being gloved on all occasions."

Here Felix arose, much disturbed.

"Pray let us bring this to a close," he said. "Gentlemen, allow me to thank you once more."

"But stay! one question, if you please. Had this Charles Wells any other mark on his right hand?"

"No, no other mark," replied both of the gentlemen.

"A birthmark, covering the third and fourth fingers?"

"Certainly not," asserted Messrs. Craig & Harney.

"Ah! a birthmark!" muttered Long Jack, elevating his brows.

"Then, by Heaven!" began Felix, but choking with emotion, he left off and started toward the door.

The confined air of the room seemed as if it would stifle him.

M. Bourdoine sprang to his side, opened the door and accompanied him to the street.

"Monsieur Cornish, I am vis a vis you heart and soul!" declared the melodramatic Frenchman.

"Ah! Dieu! shall we not revenge some treachery? Quelle diablerie! (what fiend's work!) my pupil ze victim—"

"Oh, stop! for God's sake!" cried Felix, wrought to distraction.

Long Jack had stopped to take leave of Messrs. Craig & Harney. He held the hand of the latter while he said:

"The same treachery which led the boy to seek to shift his crime to your shoulders, Mr. Harney, has marked the course of the man. But a just Providence always intervenes to prevent the wicked from prospering. Honest men would be hopelessly at the mercy of sharper, but for this Omnipotent aid."

There was a strange smile, rather about his

eyes than his lips, as he gazed at the old cotton broker.

The dirty gray pallor returned to Mr. Harney's cheeks, as he bowed assent.

Passing through the outer office, Long Jack indulged in a quiet chuckle.

"Well," he said, when he rejoined M. Bourdoine and Felix on the street, "do you wish the picture?"

"Most assuredly, yes!" said Felix, almost snatching it from his hand. "It has served your purpose well!"

"I am satisfied with the result," said Long Jack, complacently. "I have kept my word—have I not?—and satisfied you that Charles J. Wells, alias Egbert Stanhope—"

"Mother, any further discussion of this matter! You say that you are satisfied with your infamous work. Let it rest, then."

"I believe that a juster designation might be selected for what I have done. However, I am not strenuous on that point. But this slight return, at least, you will not deny me, for having given you an opportunity to transmit to the future line of Cornishes unimpaired cause for pride in—"

"Have a care!" cried Felix, stopping short with his hand on the trigger of the pistol which he wore against the woman whose picture you have polluted by having it in your possession, and I will shoot you down in your tracks!"

With his wonderful self-possession, Long Jack betrayed no sign of being startled by this outburst, but he calmly cocked the pistol which he carried in his pantaloons pocket, so that it seldom parted company with his hand.

Bowing coolly, he said:

"Far be it from me to say aught derogatory of a lady whom I esteem as highly as you can."

"Avoid all reference to her, sir. Commendation from your lips is as distasteful as detraction."

Long Jack's eyes glittered at this repeated snubbing, but he kept his temper. He had an object to attain.

"I return to my request," he said, quietly.

"What is it?" snapped Felix.

"That I may be allowed to be present when you call Charles J. Wells, alias Egbert Stanhope, to account for the fraud he practiced upon you a year ago."

The double shot went straight home—the deception and the assumed name.

Felix ground his teeth with rage.

"Ah! the infamous scoundrel!" he muttered. "And my wife—blind fool—so easily with his shallow pretense of sensitiveness! By Heaven! I'll match his birthmark with a death-mark about which there will be no sham!"

After waiting a few moments, while Felix held the daguerreotype, Long Jack asked:

"May I consider my request granted?"

"Yes, and more! I desire your presence."

"Ah! But I confess I do not see why you should particularly desire it."

"Common justice, for one thing. I insulted you, thinking that I had cause. It is meet that the apology be made in the presence of those who witnessed the affront."

Long Jack came near whistling with surprise. Here was Roman justice with a vengeance. It took him some time to digest the new aspect of affairs.

The characteristic expression of his face was weakness, which was heightened by his sallow complexion.

Presently he asked:

"Where do you wish my attendance?"

"At Riverside."

"The fifteenth of this month."

"At what time of day?"

Felix reflected a moment.

"The boat is due at noon. Allow an hour to reach Riverside. Another hour to the toilet after travel."

Aloud he said:

"At two in the afternoon."

"I will be punctual."

A pause of a moment, and Long Jack said:

"I presume I can be of no further use to you now?"

"None whatever!" replied Felix, with a heartiness that imparted its meaning to the words.

"Then, sir, until the fifteenth!"

The gambler raised his hat with mock courtesy, a sneering smile on his lips.

"M. Bourdoine, au revoir!"

And he departed.

CHAPTER XXII.

HONOR VS. LOVE.

A low, mocking laugh from the gambler's lips reached Felix Cornish's ears. In his humiliation and pain the lover rested his hand upon M. Bourdoine's shoulder. Here, at least, was a true friend.

"Ah! mon ami," murmured the Frenchman, "heed not ze jeer of ze rascal. He is bote ze instrument of justice. *Pardieu!* I shall ve quarrel vis ze pot because of ze smut!—bote ve shall have no *raison* visout ze pot!"

Felix's mind was too much

SOME RHYMS BOILED DOWN.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

It's so hot that it well might be felt;
Indeed, it is warmer than felt,
Cucumbers no longer are cool,
And your teeth enemies melt.
The equator has drifted up north,
The temperate zone has slid out,
Defaulers traken and run off,
And the chills are no longer about.

Human races are bad things to run—
Most surely in such a straight heat,
Oh, for a cool cell in jail,
With icicles plenty to eat!
Two or three suns have got loose,
And are playing the mischief to-day;
It's as warm as a fresh cup of tea,
And hotter than pepper, they say.

Cold marble statues perspire,
And wooden Indians shrink,
And family portraits take off
Their coats and suspiciously blink.
The coolest dead beat in the town
Can warm without hugging the fire;
You find all your sins renewed
Which coldly long since did expire.

You will say that the heat is too thick,
While another would call it too thin,
And you'll vow it is ten times more hot
Than it ever could be or has been.
How grateful we'd be if a rival
Would only cast us in the shade!
How I wish that I were a cool sheet,
But that is what aggravates most.

You're so hot that you think you have died
And are getting your promised reward;
And—boarding-house butter is soft,
An affliction that's never been.
There isn't the breath of a breeze;
Even bellows give up the ghost;
Your hat doesn't blow off do-no-set,
But that is what aggravates most.

The sun's beams are plainly heard fall,
And you've got to dodge under a shed;
You must put a cold brick in your hat
For the purpose of cooling your head.
The heat is so dense in the street
That through it I never can walk;
Your valuable words have dried up,
Which you'll find when you offer to talk.

You hear nothing at all but dry jokes—
Which are hardly the ones you admire;
And potatoes are fried in the sun
Which saves the expense of a fire.
Pasta boll over in rhyme
While the editor gets in a stew—
I find that my ink has dried up,
And I think I had best dry up, too.

Tenting in the North Woods;

OR,

The Chase of the Great White Stag.

BY C. D. CLARK.

IX.

AFTER DUCKS—HARRY'S LUCKY SHOT.
WHILE these stirring events were passing,
where were Harry and Little Hand?

The dug-out, under the strokes of the Indian
paddle, soon reached a creek a few miles above
the camp, where the dense woods were so
narrow that it was with difficulty they could push the
dug-out in. Once inside, however, they found
themselves in a broad sea of waving flags, rising six
or eight feet above the water, with but a narrow
channel, through which the creek found its
way to the lake. Harry laid out his double
barrel and prepared for work, for he knew that
it would not be long before the game would
be before him.

The silent paddle of the Indian scarcely seemed
to stir the surface of the placid creek, while
his eyes were fixed upon the waving stretch of
tall flags before him.

Harry, with his gun laid across his knees, sat
facing the bow, when there was a sudden rush
of many wings, and up rose a great flock of
"butterflies." They went speeding away
up the stream; but thrice the gun cracked, and
five of the flock dropped before the discharge.

While the Indian paddled about to pick up
the game, Harry inserted another shell and
looked about for a shot. He had not long to
wait, when, with a loud quack, a great black
duck, resplendent with red about the neck and
head, came speeding down the creek, high in air.
Harry rose upon his knee and slowly brought
his gun to bear upon the duck. It was a long
shot, and he hesitated whether or not to waste a
shell, when the hunter's instinct overcame him,
and he pulled.

The duck now wheeled and started off at an
angle, presenting his side to the hunter's aim,
and the second barrel sounded. It was an
eighty yard shot, but the duck, stricken even at
that distance, folded her wings and plunged
headfirst into the tall reeds which lined the
channel.

"He got it that time," announced Harry, de-
lightedly. "Push the dug-out in there, Little Hand;
I want that fellow."

By a great effort the Indian crowded the can-
oe among the reeds, and reached the duck. As
Harry took it in his hand the Indian rose in
the canoe and looked over the tops of the flags.
No sooner had he done so when he sunk out of
sight, and caught up his own rifle, which lay in
the bottom of the boat.

"Load quick!" he whispered. "Maybe we
have fight, pooty soon."

Harry slipped a shell into each barrel of his
gun and brought his belt round so that he could
get at his revolver more readily. Scarcely had
he done so when he heard the cautious dip of
paddles. Then the sound ceased, and peeping
through the flags, Harry could make out the
dim outlines of a large canoe, lying idly on the
water.

"Dey mus' be near by," said a voice which
could only belong to a negro. "I heerd de gums
go."

"They hev put up this way," declared another
voice.

"Don't car' whar dey done gone, but I's boun-
ter fine 'em. I don't let up on dem debbles dat
lick me wid hick ribs. Dave is arter Abe Stanch-
field, hot blocks, an' I's in duty bound to fetch in
de skull of dat Injan and de trisher."

They knew him all right. It was Black Joe, the
negro, who had been flogged by Larry.

Had the canoe made two or three strokes
ahead they must have seen the place where the
dug-out had been pushed into the shore reeds,
but their eyes were turned toward a feeder of
the creek which ran up into the land for half a
mile or more. As they looked they saw a great
flock of ducks come sweeping down from that
point, evidently frightened, and it decided them.
The dip of the paddles was heard and the canoe
receded.

The moment the sounds became more faint
Little Hand caught the reeds and began to drag
the canoe out into the channel. Once there he
caught up the paddle and headed the canoe
down toward the mouth of the creek. Just as
he did that the lock of Harry's gun, which was
at full cock, was accidentally discharged, and
they heard in the distance an angry cry.

"Take a paddle!" ordered the Indian. "We
mus' go fast now."

"I don't like to run," protested Harry; "but
there are times when the bravest men must run.
Let them chase us on the open lake if they will,
and we can meet them there."

By this time they had reached the mouth of
the creek and pushed the dug-out through, and
under the united strength of the paddles rapidly
receded from the shore, when they saw the can-
oe pushing out of the channel, and they saw that
it contained four men. In the bow, using his
paddle with giant strength, was Black Joe.

"Hole on dar!" he cried. "Want to hab a
little conversation wid you."
A loud laugh from Harry was the only reply.
"You'd better stop, or it will be the worse
for you!" cried the second man. "We've got a
bone to pick with you."

"What do you want?" demanded Harry.

"Want to talk with you," was answered back.
"We can't wait," was the reply. "See you
another time."

With yells of rage the villains bent to their
paddles, and in spite of the skill of the Indian,
aided by the strength of the young man, the
large canoe began to gain.

"I cut your heart out, you white man, you
mine dat!" screamed the negro.
"Don't you think you'd better catch a fox be-
fore you skin him!" howled Harry. Then in a
lower tone: "I say, Little Hand; I can stop
that canoe. Some of them may get hurt, but I
don't care so much for that."

"You no kill dem, dey kill you."

"Keep her going, then," said Harry. "I'll give
them such a start as they never had before."

He took up his rifle, which lay beside that of
the Indian in the bottom of the canoe, and tak-
ing a small box from his pocket, he extracted a
strange-looking cylindrical shell which he in-
serted in the breech-loader. Then, bringing it
slowly to his shoulder, he took careful aim, not
at any of the men in the canoe, but at the canoe
itself.

He pulled.

They heard a tearing sound as the missile
struck the canoe, accompanied by a loud explo-
sion, and a gaping rent showed itself in the side
of the canoe, and she began to sink at once.

"Shall I give them another?" asked Harry, as
he loaded again.

"No, no; it is enough. See, the canoe sinks!"

He was right. The canoe gave a lurch and
the party were seen struggling. One was hear-
ing cries, and another was abandoning every-
thing in the mad desire to escape. Guns, ammu-
nition, everything they valued most, were lost
in an instant, and they were seen swimming
rapidly toward the shore.

"I caught 'em!" he cried, and he went to the
head," declared Harry, "but we will not do it.
I don't think they will trouble us again, Little
Hand."

The Indian shook his head, for he knew the
vindictive nature of this class of men. But he
continued to paddle on, and in half an hour they
were at the camp.

"We break camp right away," said Little
Hand, "fine 'nother place. Dis no good now."

"I think you are right," admitted Harry.
"We might and probably would beat them in the
end, but some of us might get hurt, and it
would not pay. I wish Abe and Arthur were
here."

"They come in soon," declared the Indian.
"We pack up now, so be ready."

The tent was struck and divided at once, for
it had been made in such a way that it could be
divided for carrying purposes. All the other
articles for use in the camp were also divided
and packed in the same way, and in an hour all
was ready. Scarcely was this done when Ar-
thur and the guide came in on a run, and looked
pleased when they saw what had been done.

"We'll change the plan a little," said the
guide. "Come around me, and I'll tell you."

Night came and the tent had again been set
up and gleamed white under the rays of the
moon. In the forest outside lurked the bloody
man, the ruffian who had been slain by Dave
Thompson and the others who were with him,
and he heard with rage of the fate of the canoe
before the explosive shell from Harry's rifle.

"Never mind, Joe," he said, placating the
negro, "I'll find a way to get my rifle an' pow-
der-horn, an' I'll get to hab dat one."

"All right! But, wait awhile, my beauty.
Let 'em get sound asleep an' we'll fix 'em."

At last they thought the time had come, and
creeping out with Indian caution they began
their gradual approach. There was murder in
their hearts, and indeed there was not a man
among them who had not at some time shed hu-
man blood. Villains to the core, they would
have killed every one in the camp for the mere
love of plunder, but now they had injuries to
revenge.

Crawling like snakes, the few who had rifles
in advance, while the rest followed, grasping
their pistols and knives, they came nearer and
nearer to the tent. Not a sound was heard, and
the closely-drawn curtain at the door did not
move.

All at once there rose on the clear air the cry
of a night-hawk—the signal for attack, and they
sprang up and charged. Not a sound was heard,
and the leader of the advance with his rifle ready,
they dashed into the tent unopposed, and—
found it empty!

Words cannot paint their rage. They raved
round the place, they searched the canvas walls,
and gnashing their teeth in a rage as they realized
that their prey had escaped them.

"But, it won't be long before I settle," hissed
Dave Thompson. "Early in the morning we'll
take the trail."

Just then there thundered by, in the white
moonlight, the form of the Great White Stag!
(To be continued—commenced in No. 492.)

The Biter Bitten.

BY JESSIE CAMERON.

MR. AUBREY PENISTON was in a very bad tem-
per. He had just finished reading the "Vir-
ginians," and felt extremely cynical. He looked
down with a lofty contempt on this vain world,
and longed to get away from something great
and good and pure.

"Dear little Theo," he murmured, recalling
the image of that gentle heroine. "Wasn't she
just like her. Fancy a fellow prying for
money when there are little angels like Theo in
the world!"

Just as Mr. Aubrey's cynical feelings had
found a legitimate subject for righteous wrath,
on mercenary marriages, his unfortunate father
approached him with that same inappropriate
subject in hand.

"Aubrey," he said, "do you remember Ben-
ning?"

"Think I do, sir. Remarkably homely party
wasn't he? Had bright pink eyes and hair, and
a whopping nose. Seen him lately, sir?"

"Not very likely. He died in California, four
years ago."

"Ah! Friend of yours, wasn't he?"

"Best friend I ever had. Ahem-m-m. He
left a lot of money, Aubrey."

"Did he, sir? It is very gratifying to me to
know it, seeing he didn't leave it to me."

Here was an opportunity. Mr. Peniston
laughed as he rejoined.

"But he left you a chance for it, Aubrey. I
think you can get it if you will try."

"How so?"

"Why, you see, Benning and I were great
friends always. He married a year or two after
I did—just about the time we were born
and your poor mother died. And a little while
after he went to California. We never forgot
our friendship, and corresponded regularly.

The very last letter the poor fellow wrote me
was to say that he left his wife and daughter to
my care, and that nothing would please him so
much as to hope that Clara might some day
become my daughter-in-law. Understand, Aubrey."

"Understand, sir." This with great se-
verity.

"Well, Mrs. Benning and her girls came from
California while you were away at college. I
went down to Belford, their native place, and
saw them comfortably settled, and have looked
after them ever since. I have not told you of
this before, as I thought perhaps it might un-
settle you, but now you've got your profession,
and seem pretty steady, why, I think you had
better be married. And a sweeter girl than
Clara Benning you never met, I can assure you
of that."

"Like her fascinating father, I presume?"

"You presume a great deal too much, sir.
She is a great deal too good for you with your
puppyish airs. But you will marry her, mind."

"Thanks. Anything else?"

"Yes, a great deal else. If you don't regard
my wishes in this matter, you can just look out
for yourself, that is all. I'll not help you any
more."

Mr. Aubrey Peniston rose from his chair
in magnificent wrath. "Now, see here, father,"
he said, dropping his supercilious airs, and speak-
ing earnestly, "I don't think this is fair. If
there's one thing I despise, it's marrying a girl
for money. It is the meanest thing a man can
do. I'd no more go hunting this girl because
she has money than I'd cut off my right hand.
And I'm sure you would never do such a thing
yourself."

"Well, but, Aubrey, this is different. You
will have some money yourself by-and-by, and
besides, the girl is well worth winning, without
a cent to her fortune."

"All the same, it's a put-up job, and I don't
like it, and I won't have anything to do with it."
I dare say, if the proposition made to our hero
had come when he was in a milder mood, it
would not have seemed so hideous. But in his
present lofty frame of mind, a mercenary mar-
riage seemed horrible. And then the threat.
Never, no, never, would he submit, never de-
scend to such baseness.

But Mr. Peniston knew his temper pretty
well, and resolved to give him a chance. At
last he said:

"Well, Aubrey, you generally behave pretty
well, with your mind your aim this time. I
will give you a month to consider this. At the
end of that time I shall expect you to present
yourself with me at Mrs. Benning's. Good-
night."

Next morning Aubrey's wrath was as hot as
ever, with the thought of the money he had
longed to confide his woes to some congenial soul.

"Tell you what I'll do," he confidentially re-
marked to his mustache, as he carefully waxed
that interesting adornment. "I'll go down and
see Ellis. Write to him this morning."

Here is the affecting epistle that reached his
friend, John Ellis, that evening:

"DEAR OLD FELLOW:
Want to see you. Can I come down for a day or
two? The governor wants me to marry some con-
founded girl with a lot of money. Her name is
Clara Benning—know her? She lives in Belford,
about twenty miles from here, I think. I want to
get rid of it. Answer at once."

Ellis's sister Mary received a letter by the
same train that brought Aubrey's. Hers ran in
this wise:

"DARLING, DEAREST MOLLIE:
You always promised to help me if I ever got
into trouble, didn't you? Well, I'm in trouble now.
Mamma told me this morning I am to marry some
horrid fellow I don't know. My father and his ar-
ranged the match when we were children. His
mustache and he's coming down here in a month
with his father. I know I shan't like him. Dearest
Mollie, can I come over to see you? I'll write you
every day, and we'll try to get together, darling. I
think men are horrid. Write at once to your broken-
hearted sister."

John Ellis and his sister Mary lived in Car-
lton, with their mother and father. John had
been at college with Aubrey Peniston, and now
enjoyed the post of friend and confidential ad-
viser to that gentleman. John's sister Mary
was his confidential adviser. To her John took
the note which Aubrey had written to him, and
he managed to accommodate him for a day or
two.

"I think so," replied Mollie. "Ha! ha! ha!"
and Miss Mollie indulged in a fit of unseemly
and apparently unprovoked merriment. "You
know, I'm dying with curiosity, affected great
severity."

"Stop this nonsense, Mollie," he exclaimed.
"What are you cackling for, anyway?"

"Why, then, it is most ridiculous. Here is
Clara, a young lady, down here to get rid of him! Just
read her note."

John read the note, forgot his superior gravity,
and laughed, too.

"Oh, the two fools!" exclaimed Mollie, at
length. "You will be sure to fall in love the
minute they see each other. Let us play them
a trick."

John agreed, and the trick was wickedly
planned. Mollie wrote to Clara Benning, invit-
ing her to come to Belford, and she was to be
at her disposal on the following Tuesday.
John wrote to Aubrey Peniston that he would
be glad to see him on Wednesday.

On Tuesday Miss Benning arrived, looking re-
freshed and happy. She poured her sorrows into
Mollie's friendly ear, and received an astonish-
ing communication in reply.

"Clara dear," began Mollie, in a tone of im-
passioned sympathy. "I'm so glad to hear of
your escape. That very gentleman, Mr. Aubrey
Peniston, is coming down here in a week or two
to visit the Wiltons. He used to go to college
with Jack Wilton, so Mollie tells me, so you are
sure to see him."

"But, this is dreadful! I'll go right home.
Where is my hat?"

"You'll not do any such thing. I have the
loveliest plan. Nobody here knows you, and no
one shall. All the girls know me, and you can
come for I've often talked of you, but as they
haven't seen you they will never know the dif-
ference; and I have not told a soul, so nobody
knows you are coming, and all you have to do
is to change your name. The Mollie who I
told you of is a real nice fellow. He's a friend
of your mother how horrid he is, and she will never
want you to marry a man you can't like. Isn't
it a lovely plan? Now, Miss Lily Bell, just
make yourself easy. I'll manage things."

"Not at all. I had to tell John, of course, for
he is so sharp he would be sure to find out. But
mother doesn't know you from Adam, and she
has often heard me speak of Lily Bell. We
have a good chance for it, just four of us, so
nice for croquet."

"Four! Who is the fourth?"

"Oh, I forgot! (wicked Mollie!) There is a
friend of John's, a Mr. Bernard Burton, coming
down to-morrow. He is a real nice fellow. Jack
said he'll stay two or three weeks."

Innocent Clara, desirous of secretly beholding
her hobgoblin, fell into the trap, and meekly as-
sumed the name of Lily Bell.

The next afternoon John Ellis went to the
station to meet his friend. When they reached
the house the girls had gone walking, so the two
had time for confidential heart-revelations be-
fore tea.

"Isn't this a beastly trick of the governor's,
Jack?" inquired Aubrey.

"Sort of mean. Ever seen the girl?"

"No. I'll bet you she is red-headed and ugly
like her father. Saw him once."

"Do you know, I believe I've seen her."

"You don't say? Where?"

"You say she lives in Belford? Well, there
was a girl by the name of Clara Benning, from
that very place, visiting the Lloyds when we
moved here last summer. And I heard Bob
Lloyd say the other day his sisters were expect-
ing her again in a week or two."

"Well, she will have me in spite of myself.
Is she strong and able-bodied? I must clear out
of this when she comes."

"No, you needn't. I've been thinking it would
be a good chance for you to get a look at her
without making yourself known."

"How could I?"

"Easiest thing in the world. Just change your
name. Nobody here knows you. I will
tell you what. What does Mr. Peniston mean by know-
ing Bernard, and calling him Aubrey?"

"Calling who Aubrey? Why, his son Aubrey,
to be sure. And who is Bernard?"

"Bernard," fiercely inquired Lily, "what does
it mean?"

"Lily," rejoined Bernard, "what does it
mean?"

"Why, I mean to tell you, I'm not Lily Bell
at all. I'm Clara Benning. It's Mollie's fault."

"And I'm not Bernard Burton at all, but Au-
brey Peniston. Ha! ha! ha-a-a! We are caught
now, Clara!"

"So I have. But there is a friend of hers
here now, a nice little thing. Think you will
like her. Remember your name now."

But Aubrey forgot his name and everything
else he had ever known as soon as his eyes fell
on the enchanting vision before him. Mollie
Ellis, with her heavenly-blue eyes, complexion
like a May-flower, and rippling brown hair was
lovely enough in all conscience, but her beauty
paled before that of her companion, whose
brown eyes were beautiful enough for a Houris,
complexion like alabaster, and hair like a set-
ting of dead gold around her perfect face.

Mr. Burton, as we must now call our hero, re-
solved immediately that certainly he never,
never would even speak to Miss Benning. Miss
Lily Bell secretly determined that her mo-
ther was simply a hard-hearted monster, and
had not an atom of true regard for her child's
welfare and happiness. What the sight of Ber-
nard Burton's handsome face had to do with her
decision I really cannot say.

After an introduction, the four trotted in to
tea, and afterward to the croquet-ground,
where Miss Bell played against Mr. Burton, and
gave him a most dreadful beating.

"You are an excellent player, Miss Bell," af-
fably remarked Bernard.

"I am sorry I cannot return the compliment,
Mr. Burton."

"Gallantry would prevent me defeating a
lady."

"Thanks. But I think there is something
more than gallantry in your bad playing. Sup-
pose you were to take aim occasionally?"

"I despise me," bitterly reflected Bernard.
"I'll bet her now; that is the way to manage
women."

With this sage reflection, he began to play
in good earnest. A well-matched game began,
which lasted well into the twilight. Farmer
Bacon, leaning over the fence, hoe in hand, in-
dulged in one of those bovine fascinations to the per-
petration of which the rural mind is prone.

"Putty nice game, that crosky," he observed,
with a specially impressive leer. "Gives young
folks a fustate chance for spoonin'."

"Just where you're wrong, Mr. Bacon," re-
plied John Ellis. "There's no spooning allowed
here. It is against the rules of the game."

"Is it, now? Crosky must be putty fast work
under them circumstances. I'd break them
rules if I was you. Wo's the good of a game
that don't allow no sparkin'?"

In spite of the declaration made to farmer
Bacon, I am afraid that a good deal of what is
rulgarily called "spooning" went on that
evening's ground, and elsewhere during the
next fortnight. What more natural when Ber-
nard Burton and Lily Bell were very much in
love with each other? John and Mollie Ellis en-
joyed the joke immensely, and resolved to let
poor plot work itself out. When inquiries were
instituted as to the non-appearance of Aubrey
Peniston and Clara Benning at Wilnot's and
Lloyd's, it was easy enough to find that their
visits had been delayed a little.

One evening, about three weeks after his ar-
rival, Bernard caught pretty Lily in the garden,
with very red eyes, and dejected mien. He
wished to comfort her, but felt embarrassed.
He gently drew her little hand within his arm,
and hoped she was not in trouble.

"Yes, she was, in great trouble."
Could he do anything to comfort her? She
knew, he hoped, that he would do anything in
the world even to please her.

In view of the fact that she then had in her
pocket a letter from her flinty mother insist-
ing on her immediate return, Lily was of opinion
that there was no more comfort for her in this
world, now that she had to go home and meet
that abominable Mr. Peniston. She could not
well confide the cause of her woe to a lover
who had not yet declared himself, but she sob-
bed, and quietly intimated that her brief day of
happiness was past, and nothing but misery
shrouded her future. And she was going away.

"Going away?" Bernard's heart sank like
lead. He turned pale. Her eyes met his,
startled, and full of anxious love—and all the
tale was told. I will not rehearse the tender
scene, but I will repeat a sentence or two I heard
half an hour afterward.

"You will not my darling tell me what she
was crying about just now?"

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